No. 2824
Vol. CCXVII.

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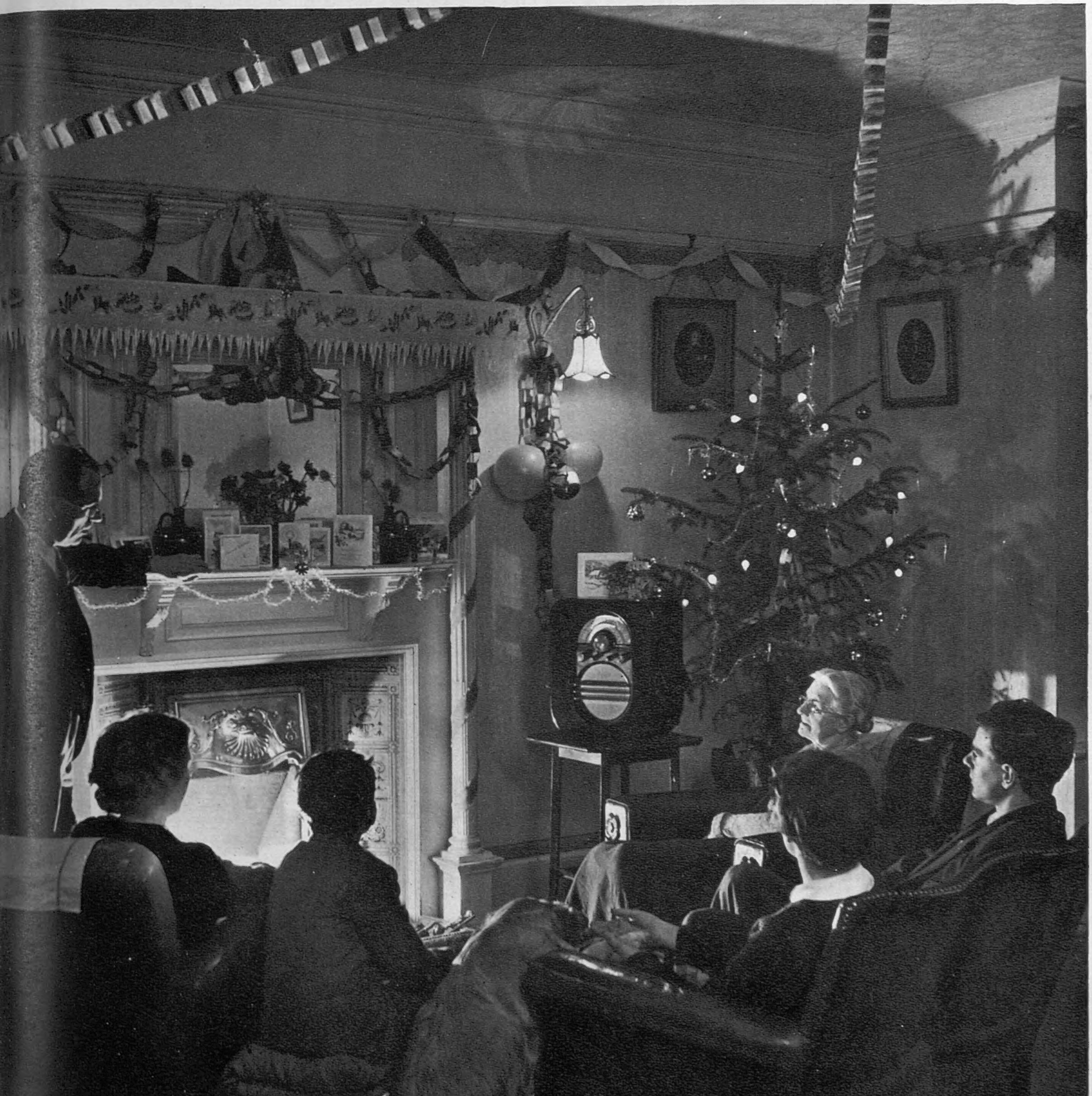
The Sketch

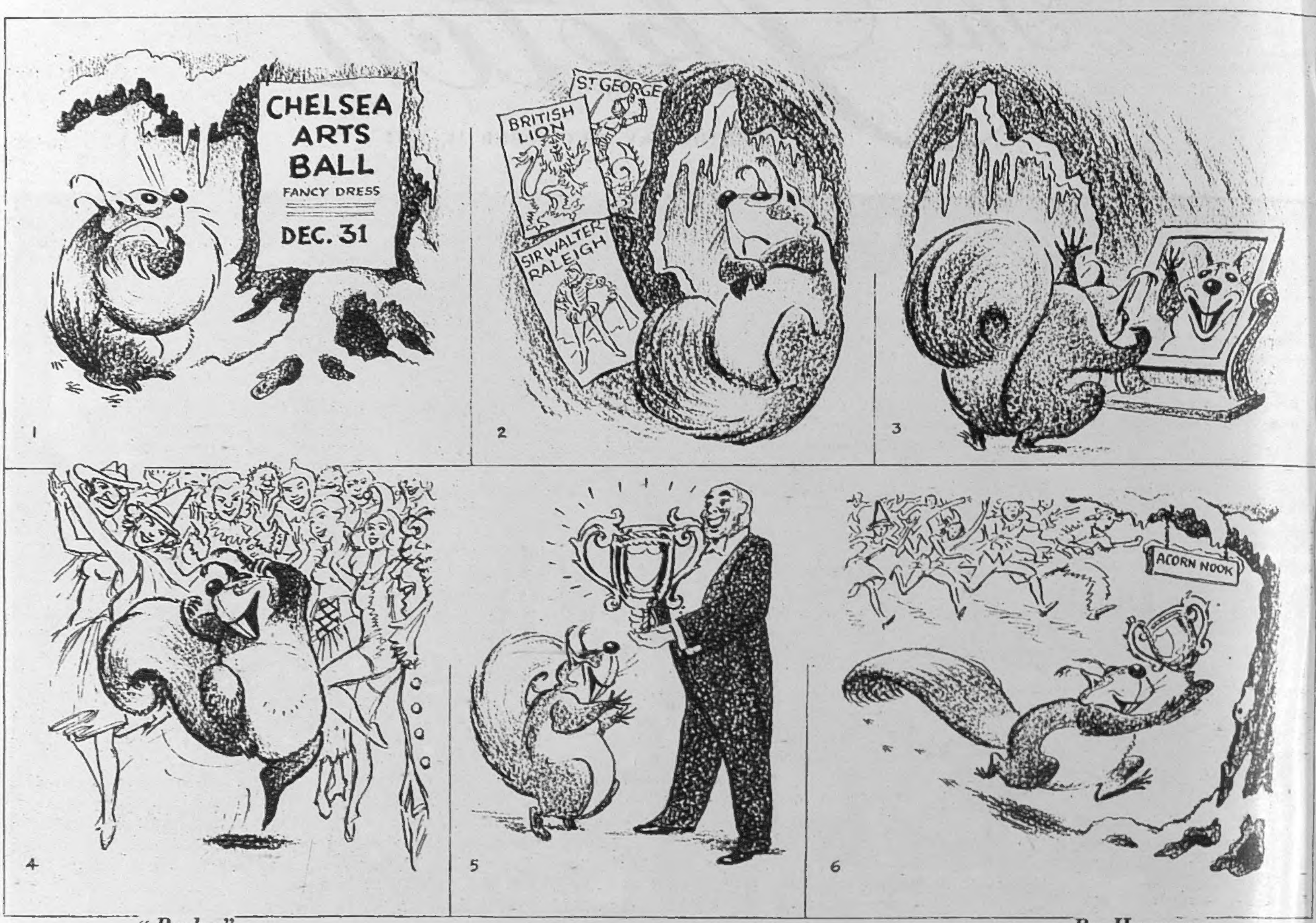
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1952



By "THE SKETCH" special photographer Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Christmas Day:

Queen Elizabeth talks to her people



"Bushy" *By Hargrave*

MASQUERADE

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

A RECENT article in *The Times* on the abortive campaign in Norway in 1940—the time, you remember, when Neville Chamberlain told us that Hitler had "missed the bus," while failing to see that he had caught a much faster taxi—was so well written that it carried many of us back to the fantastic atmosphere of amateurism and incompetence which characterised the early days of the war. As the writer said, one hopes that fantasies like the Norwegian campaign will not be allowed to happen again. But will they? I am a pessimist. The appalling failures, not merely in the direct military field, but in intelligence, propaganda and supply of the first year-and-a-half or two years of the war would all have been avoidable by the application of common sense. (Is there still, I wonder, somewhere in Whitehall, a high Civil Servant who, if I were to whisper in his shell-like ear the words: "small arms ammunition for Greece," would hang his head for shame? It makes a delightful story now of complicated bureaucratic incompetence, but in a dictatorship somebody should, and probably would, have been shot for it.)

None of this, of course, was for lack of hush-hush committees and letters enclosing at least two envelopes in the eighteen months or more before the war. Oh, there was plenty of planning—of the most ridiculous sort, and by the most incompetent people. I am still, incidentally, waiting for that desk in the Locarno Room at the Foreign Office, which was not ready for me three days before the war broke out, and for confirmation of that one civilian and one military appointment, of which I was informed at the same time.

FOR sheer silly fun, of course, the original Ministry of Information will never, I think, be surpassed. (I refuse, however, to believe the story told of Sir Leigh Ashton, who, in the event, did such a splendid war job in various parts of the world. The unkind said that he owed his appointment as head of the Far Eastern Division of the Ministry of Information to the fact that some genius in those pre-war months had heard that he was "a great authority on China"—though his *expertise* proved to be porcelain, not the country.)

The dear old Ministry of Information—which was presumably a propaganda body—in the first ten days of the war surpassed itself by failing to allow a single piece of material, written or photographic, to get past its own censorship. I recall our Press Attaché in Stockholm sending me a personal wire which read something like this: "Have received nothing since war outbreak. Can you officially, or unofficially, see that I receive stocks of your pre-war propaganda photographs?" Of 150 such photographs, all of which had been published all over the world previously, 78 were rejected by the Ministry of Information censorship division. They included a photograph of H.M.S. *Collingwood*, in which his Majesty King George VI. served at the Battle of Jutland ("Sorry, dear boy,

battleship, I'm afraid, battleship")—an attitude in which the censor was unmoved when I pointed out that H.M.S. *Collingwood* was scrapped in 1922, or it may have been 1923; a photograph of a squadron of Spitfires flying at a great height of which the jovial dug-outs in the censorship said, "Oh, yes, old boy, we call it the Seagull picture, but since you've got a caption 'Spitfires' (they had been off the secret list at least a year) won't do, old boy, won't do"; and the only available photograph of Sir Cyril Newall, then Chief of Air Staff (or was it A.O.C. Bomber Command ?), which showed him inspecting cadets at Halton in about 1936. The young men standing stiffly to attention had been dimmed out, but were, nevertheless, visible. Said the censor: "Sorry, old boy. Look at the regulations. No photographs of a military assembly may be sent abroad. Palpably, you will agree, a military assembly. Sorry, no good." All this—and Goebbels, too!

The finest of all early Ministry of Information stories—though I do not expect any readers, except for the one Scandinavian correspondent who is, I think, still in this country, to believe it—was when this gentleman went to one of the very high-ups in the Ministry of Information and asked for a copy of the leaflets with which our aircraft, at great risk to gallant young men, were bombarding Germany. These leaflets, compiled by an Oxford don, now a well-known Socialist M.P., and his friends at Woburn, were addressed to a non-existent Socialist opposition which they hoped would cause the walls of the Nazi Jericho to fall flat at the tootling of English Left-wing P.I.D. tin trumpets. The retired warrior (for such he was) to whom the request was made was horrified at the suggestion. "Good God, my dear man," he exclaimed, thumping the table. "Don't you realise they might get into enemy hands?" (As I say, I do not expect you to believe this story, but please, I *swear* it is true!)

Against this must, of course, be set the admirable War Office story in the first few weeks of the war, concerning the delivery to certain officers of an envelope marked "Confidential." Inside it was another marked "Secret," inside that another marked "Most Secret." (These were the days before the transatlantic "Top Secret.") Inside this last was a memorandum which read: "The Royal Automobile Club has extended honorary membership to officers serving in the War Office for the duration of hostilities."

I MUST say that if I were an inhabitant of the Royal Borough of Kensington, I should be proud of the suggested scheme produced by Mr. James Gardiner for the decoration of the Borough during the Coronation. When I saw the plans at the Kensington Town Hall recently for the mediæval canopy extending from Palace Gate to Kensington Gardens, I found it most attractive, and the further scheme of pylons, averaging 20 ft., and decorated with floral crowns, and flower-boxes to mark the boundaries of the Borough, the banners of red and green, the pennants, crowns and heraldic flags should make Kensington royal indeed. I am not a ratepayer of Kensington, and therefore can applaud with detachment the decision of reluctant citizens of the Royal Borough to accept the extra 2d. on the rates which I understand this ambitious and attractive scheme will demand.

HOW many of one's old friends seem to drop off like autumn leaves. It seems hard to believe that Percy Colson, that lively, malicious, perennial, bouncing little man is no longer with us. Percy, whom I once likened in a foreword to one of his books which he bullied me into writing to a twentieth-century John Aubrey, was in point of fact a much better talker than writer. Sharp, pointed malice comes across the dinner-table better than on the printed page. Among his "*bêtes noires*" was another old friend of mine—the late James Agate. Talking of the bright young man who came to London just before World War I., he said: "Then there was the clever young Mr. Agate, who was like his name—polished and semi-precious."

GASTRO — LYRICS

By Justin Richardson

Junket

Insipid stuff — junket ;
Before you can taste it,
you've sunk it.

THE return of the young from school will shortly be followed by their end-of-term reports—usually a chastening moment for father and son alike. Chastening to the father, as one's conscience tells one that far too frequently almost identical words used to appear in one's own reports. Much as in theory I approve of the teaching of the classics, I must confess that there were times when I sympathised with the young member of the choir school attached to St. Paul's, who was asked to write a poem about any aspect of his studies, and produced:

> Latin, Latin, Latin,
> As dead as dead can be.
> It killed all the old Romans,
> And now it's killing me.

I SEE that some of the leading soccer clubs are suffering financial or other difficulties, and indeed that one famous club may go out of existence. Skilful management, of course, can do much—which reminds me of the pleasing story of the manager appointed to reorganise a team that had been going steadily downhill. His efforts brought only a slow response. One day he assembled the team and told them that he was going to instruct them in the correct etiquette to be observed when they won the Cup. "Now you," he said, indicating the captain, "will place the Cup in the crook of your left arm, and bow as you shake hands with his Majesty; and the rest of you, as his Majesty comes up to you, you will just bow and shake hands." At this, somebody said: "Well, yes. That's all very fine, but you are making a mistake. It should be *Her* Majesty." "Oh, no," replied the manager. "By the time you so-and-so's win the Cup, King Charles will be on the throne!"

FROM the Gold Coast I hear news of the recent visit of Major-General Sir Edward Spears. The General has been making his annual tour of inspection of the mines of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, of which he is chairman. This has involved going underground in dripping wet heat, climbing vertical ladders as much as 100 ft. in length at a time—all of it pretty tough going for someone of sixty-six. Evidently, however, this annual visit is appreciated, as I see from a local paper that Chief Ali Moshie, the head of the Moslem community in Obuasi, said: "We are thankful to God that you have come back again to meet with us. Each time you visit us we are happy."

The General's recent presentation of his portrait to the Ashanti Goldfields Club in Obuasi apparently moved the president, Mr. C. E. Seibu, to assure him that "we shall amply hang it at a most conspicuous place, where it will not fail to command a most spectacular view." His friends in the Institute of Directors, of which the General is such an energetic chairman, will look forward to having a most spectacular view of him on his return.

CHRISTMAS is over, and many of us will sympathise with this extract which I have culled from our distinguished contemporary, the *Eastern Nigeria Gazette*:

> "*The Yuletide is around the corner once more, and the life and property of citizens will as usual be in danger.*"

The superb Chinese screen, close to the imposing staircase, shows a corner of the major drawing-room of the British Embassy in Madrid, as transformed by Lady Balfour. Here their Excellencies receive guests at crowded diplomatic receptions, and there is always wide praise for the hospitality of the Ambassador's wife.

The Ambassador has his desk beneath a portrait of an early predecessor, Sir Richard Fanshawe (1663-1664), by Dobson. Dispatch boxes belonged to his grandfather, the Hon. Sir Schonberg McDonnell, head of the Office of Works.

In a capital of the delicacy and importance of Madrid, a key in world politics, invitations are sent out by the Ambassador's wife, in her own hand-writing, which experts "read" to be full of courtesy and kindness.

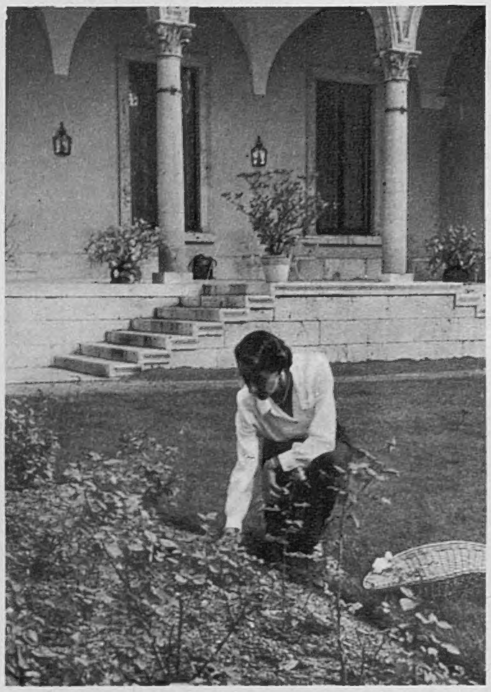
At Home to "The Sketch"

BRITAIN'S AMBASSADOR TO SPAIN AND LADY BALFOUR

MADRID remains, after varied vicissitudes in the past 1000 years, in peace or in war, one of the important capitals in a changing world. Here the British envoy shoulders particularly onerous responsibilities. His Excellency, Sir John Balfour, K.C.M.G., Her Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Spain for just over a year, is historian, student, linguist. He is specially welcome, thanks to his reputation as a connoisseur of art, in a country often described as a "big museum." Old Etonian, Sir John learnt his "Spoonerisms" and wide humanities at New College, Oxford, and later during prolonged imprisonment at Ruhleben in the First World War. The brilliant young Scot studied languages behind iron bars, before entering the Foreign Office, to the approval of the statesman relative, Lord Balfour.

Sir John took up posts in exciting capitals like Belgrade and Sofia, where he fished with the celebrated banker and diplomatist, Nicolas Momtchiloff, later Bulgarian envoy in London. Transfers followed to Budapest and Madrid. At an early age Sir John was, to our great advantage, made Minister in Lisbon. Now came a key city, Moscow, where in October 1944 he watched, denies he took part in, the concluding drama of the still top-secret, really hush-hush agreement between Mr. Churchill and Mr. Stalin on "spheres of influence" in the Balkans, and the "division" of Yugoslavia by the two Governments. His ambition to serve in Washington was gratified, and often he acted as Chargé d'Affaires, with the blessing of the critical Americans. Next Sir John was happily

r John Balfour explains to a visitor one of e prize paintings in the Embassy, *Scenes om Don Quixote*, by Robert Smirke, 1782-1845, in the lesser drawing-room.



Characteristic Spanish arches at the end of the Embassy garden provide a setting for Lady Balfour's afternoon activities as gardener—she has good results with her roses.

When a guest suddenly said, in Russian : " When did you last read Pushkin ? " Sir John took out a Pushkin and explained, in Russian : " I obtained this while a prisoner in Ruhleben, in 1915."

Pan, short for *Pantaloons*, was owned by a friendly Ambassador, in Argentina, where he " adopted " Lady Balfour. On Sir John's move to Spain, *Pan* decided he wished to go with the Balfours. His original owners agreed. Now *Pan* quietly rules the Balfours' residence.

chosen to cross swords with General Peron. Shrewd and successful negotiator, he saw, as Ambassador in Argentina, the signature of a long-term trade treaty, one that gave us much meat. In being offered the hyper-delicate mission to Madrid, Sir John has, in his official evening, achieved another ambition. Here, however, major speed is made by the United States ; top British policy is confined, it seems, to watchfulness.

Lover of Spain and of the Spanish people, Britain's Ambassador gracefully adds more than the mere nuances to the bare bones of a correct British Embassy. He is respected as a less dramatic envoy than Sir Samuel Hoare, now Viscount Templewood. His large staff, all carefully chosen—their numbers are a fraction of the total in the U.S. mission—speak affectionately in private of " dear Jock," rather than of " H.E." He can laugh. And his addresses, as honoured guest of important Spanish cities, are a study in felicity of phrase, knowledge of history and lack of any trace of " Poona-ism."

Specially photographed for " THE SKETCH " by Cecilio Santos Diaz and Gil del Espinar.

Their Excellencies have tastefully redecorated and refurnished the Embassy, formerly German property. They frequently enjoy a game of Canasta. A seventeenth-century Brussels tapestry towers above them.

OUR BOOKSHELF

FAR HAVE I TRAVELLED. By Dorothy Wellesley. *(Barrie ; 16s.)*
YESTERDAY WAS MINE. By Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi. *(The Falcon Press ; 17s. 6d.)*
AWAY WENT POLLY. By Caryl Brahms. *(Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.)*
GREEN THOUGHTS. By Sir Stephen Tallents. *(Faber ; 15s.)*

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

IT is a pity, I think, that a poet's autobiography, like *Far Have I Travelled*, by Dorothy Wellesley, should have been given a title which looks like a misquotation from Keats. It is not, the publisher assures us, the autobiography of the Duchess of Wellington, but essentially a poet's book ; indeed, the author's work, which, I remember, was published in *The London Mercury*, and her books of poems of the 1920's and 1930's, all of which had strength and distinction, make this a just description. Besides, this book itself is largely concerned with poets and poetry, and the great houses of the past and their sometimes eccentric inhabitants are seen with a poet's eye. The author writes with generous enthusiasm of others : of Miss V. Sackville-West's *The Land*, for instance, she says : " That fine poem which, having so noble a style, a perfect diction and a dignity unknown to the poets of that time, fell strangely on the ears of many " and of the late W. B. Yeats, whose last days are movingly described, she says : " I believe that Yeats will live not only as one of the finest lyrical writers of the English tongue, but, on account of his later work, with the greatest of all the dead poets." The whole book is warm with affection for England, the countryside, beautiful homes and gardens, and those pleasures which we miscall simple, the pleasures of sentiment and vision. Her own home, Penns in the Rocks, with its great boulders which suggest " something primitive," her many friendships with writers, flashes from a visionary childhood, foreign travel illuminated with vivid little pictures of places and people—it is all intensely interesting and alive, a book not to be missed by those who, like the author, fondly remember other days but are not dismayed by the present and future.

A STRONG contrast in manner and matter is provided by another autobiography of a distinguished woman, *Yesterday Was Mine*, by Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi. This is a gay, cleverly-written scintillating affair which stops, as did the kind of life it describes, during the First World War. Princess Callimachi is a Rumanian, though of Greek descent on her mother's side, and at once introduces us to a time, a country and a family which, viewed from what she herself aptly calls this iron age, have a Christmas-tree quality of fantasy about them. An exile in England now, she has "re-lived in memory the carefree time of my youth, the time of horse-drawn carriages and oil-lamps, of spacious Rumanian country houses and gay social life in Bucharest, with their light-hearted pleasures among quasi-feudal surroundings, to which I had been born. I remembered my unconventional education, the waltzing Vienna I loved, Rome, the scintillating pre-1914 Paris, my marriage and my babies, and many an incident of time gone by." She describes it all as a novelist might do, making its people live for us and maintaining a high level of dramatic narrative. Her charming grandmother, her not-so-charming grandfather, her shiftless father, her husband and countless people in the court of political circles of Bucharest thirty and forty years ago, come to life and talk, entertain, eat luscious food, laugh and create scandals in a way far more Ruritanian than Anthony Hope could conceive. We see Princess Marie as begging for a last dance at five o'clock in the morning ; we meet Sarah Bernhardt " nonchalantly throwing off her superb sable coat to appear in the unique dress no Bucharest *élégante* could copy : a long, sleek, tight-waisted gown of pure white ermine, the collar, sleeves and flaring hem bordered with a deep fringe of tiny black tails " ; we visit a great country estate ; see Paris in 1907 with Bergson lecturing at the Collège de France to " overdressed women who sent their footmen to the previous lecture to reserve their seats " : indeed, we are whirled through the Courts and capitals of Europe by a guide so tireless, so shrewdly observant, so amusing that we are left a little dazzled and deflated. Another book which I would not have missed for brave new worlds.

IT is perhaps not quite fair to Miss Caryl Brahms to consider her novel *Away Went Polly* immediately after this splendid piece of pageantry, for here, too, a vanished world is re-created and the author's deliberate introduction of actual men and women into her story, her descriptions of contemporary dress which look too much like extracts from the *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine*, and her trick of mentioning irrelevant public events, make the story seem somewhat mannered and stilted. It is a curious story, too, of a pretty, innocent and amiable young wife who leaves her middle-aged and stodgy husband for a handsome young painter. The scenes which lead to this are very well done and the three people concerned admirably realised. Then suddenly, four-fifths of the way through the book, a chic little period piece is made cruelly realistic, and we are asked to believe that young Lauretta has inherited dipsomania and that three years later commits suicide. If this were a development in plot one could be convinced, but it is more than that—a change in the spirit of the book. Miss Brahms is always entertaining, often witty, sometimes moving, and this book has those qualities. But it leaves one a little uncomfortable. Incidentally, the author introduces Wilde with his wife at a party in 1874, the year in which he went up to Oxford.

I MEAN no disrespect to *Green Thoughts*, by Sir Stephen Tallents, when I say that it seems to provide a safe choice for the exchange of book tokens. I can imagine no-one, townsman or countryman, highbrow or lowbrow, who will not find a great deal to interest him in these round-the-year essays on country topics. Some of them are quite short, no more than a couple of pages, some are mere musings, some are practical, some are pictorial, and in all of them are curiosities of information from the past and present which will amuse or startle the reader. " Geese—sometimes, I have read, as many as 9000 to the flock—which in eighteenth-century autumns used to walk up to London from East Anglia in daily ten-mile stages." " Had not Charles Darwin himself concluded that all the vegetable mould in the country had passed many times through, and would again pass many times through, the intestinal canals of worms ? " Such oddments salt the whole, which is varied and unexpected, running from Moles to Sea Trout, from the Wood Fire to the Swanscombe Skull, from Newton's Apple to Sow's Ear Purses. It is not country-crafty or sentimental, the word " old " is scarcely used, and there are no regional recipes for making Barley Bannocks or Syllabubs. It is a countryman's book which takes the country for granted, and looks in new and sometimes strange places for country pleasures. There is not a word of gush in the whole of it.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

PORTRAIT OF TANGIER.
By Rom Landau. *(Hale ; 21s.)*

LEGIONNAIRE.
By Jacques Weygand. *(Harrap ; 12s. 6d.)*

THE WORLD OF HENRY ALKEN
By Aubrey Noakens. *(Witherby ; 16s.)*

SPORTS REVIEW.
By Louis T. Stanley. *(Macdonald ; 10s. 6d.)*

THEY THAT GO DOWN.
By Marguerite Steen. *(Falcon Press ; 13s. 6d.)*

A reprint of a popular novel.

THE INTIMATE JOURNALS OF PAUL GAUGUIN.
(Heinemann ; 15s.)

The first non-limited edition of this book to appear with the twenty-four plates.

THEATRE WORLD ANNUAL (LONDON).
No. 3. June 1951 to May 1952.
(Rockliffe Publishing Co. ; 18s.)

This is a pictorial review of West End productions with a record of plays and players. A record of runs is incorporated for the first time, and is to become a standard feature of future editions. A very thorough theatrical reference work.

FOR EPICURES ONLY.
By Jean Conil. *(Werner Laurie ; 21s.)*

The scope of this salmagundi is wider, ranging from historical information, such as the fact that the haggis is in origin a Roman dish, to stories of celebrated chefs of yesterday and to-day. There are some appetising photographs.

THE BEST OF DOROTHY PARKER.
(Methuen ; 10s. 6d.)

It is surprising to find that after a few dozen pages the cynical wit and rather harsh bad taste of these stories and verses grow monotonous. But as a collection, and for those who admire this work, this is well-chosen and modestly priced.

THE BEST OF BOULESTIN.
Edited by Elvia and Maurice Firuski. *(Heinemann ; 21s.)*

The editors have shown excellent taste and judgment in their selection and arrangement of material from the many books of that inspired cook and writer, X. Marcel Boulestin. They tell his life-story and introduce his lucidly written recipes with general quotations. One of the best publications in a year of good cookery books.

YACHTING WORLD ANNUAL, 1953.
(Iliffe ; 30s.)

The highlights of the 1952 yachting season are fully surveyed—passage racing, regattas, dinghy championships, cruising both by power and sail to name but a few. On the technical side, the plans of over thirty of the most interesting yachts of the year are accompanied by a short commentary. All the important race results and trophy winners are tabulated for easy reference.

WHITAKER'S ALMANACK, 1953.
(J. Whitaker and Sons : Complete edition, 15s. ; shorter edition, 7s. 6d.)

It is difficult to conceive a " bigger and better " Whitaker, but the fact remains that the new edition is an even greater mine of information than its predecessor. The Parliamentary Section has been improved—the full list of Members of the present Government appears for the first time ; a new section on Broadcasting has been added to the annual summaries and even includes Commonwealth and foreign radio station wavelengths ; the Directory now includes a list of Trade Unions affiliated to the T.U.C., as well as giving details of the leading British Employers' organisations. These are not the only new features, but at least they show how wide Whitaker's range really is.

BOOKS AT SEA

From : SEAFARERS' EDUCATION SERVICE, 207, Balham High Road, S.W.17.

Those of your readers who have responded so generously to my appeal for books on behalf of the Merchant Navy, may like to know that we have so far received 8000 bound books in excellent condition and 28,000 paper-backed books and magazines. Gifts are still coming in, and they are being given a warm welcome at sea. Wherever possible personal acknowledgment is being made, but I should like to take this opportunity, too, of thanking all concerned for their great help.

Yours faithfully,
RONALD HOPE,
Director.

R.A.D.A.

A four-page feature on the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, the foundation-stone of the British Theatre, where former pupils, having made their mark on the stage, return as teachers to hand on the torch to the rising generation.

Written by J. C. Trewin and photographed by Houston Rogers.

Sir Kenneth Barnes, M.A., Principal of R.A.D.A. since 1909, in his study. Nearly all the famous actors and actresses to be seen on page 618 have come under his supervision.

On November 5, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother laid the foundation stone of the Vanbrugh Theatre, the new R.A.D.A. theatre, in memory of Sir Kenneth's sisters.

Entrance to R.A.D.A.—and to the English Theatre.

THE Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in Gower Street, London, is the self-contained University of the English Theatre. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree founded it in 1904 at His Majesty's; it came to Gower Street in 1905; and the present Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes, M.A., whose sisters were the famous Violet Vanbrugh and Dame Irene Vanbrugh, became Administrator in 1909. To-day, the fame of R.A.D.A. is world-wide. A record of its past students seems almost like a roll-call of our theatre during the last few decades.

The students at the Academy, during a two-years course, learn such subjects as voice production, diction, phonetics, mime, deportment, dancing, fencing, stage-management and production, broadcasting. They rehearse plays under tuition. They hear lectures on many theatrical subjects. Their instructors have themselves won stage renown, so that here in Gower Street the torch is passed from one generation to another. A new R.A.D.A. theatre, to replace its blitzed forerunner, is to be called the Vanbrugh Theatre, in memory of Sir Kenneth Barnes's famous sisters. £30,000 is needed before the building (for which the Queen Mother laid the foundation-stone on November 5) can be completed.

At present there are 280 students at R.A.D.A., thirty-five of them American, fifteen from the Commonwealth, and twelve of other nationalities. 120 of the students are men. Since the war more men have been entering the theatre. It is the spirit of adventure that takes them to the stage.

Standards in Gower Street are very high. Students admitted to the full course must have completely satisfied the administration. The entire world of the theatre knows R.A.D.A., and the pictures on these pages show something of the spirit that makes a visit to Gower Street so exhilarating.

(Continued overleaf.)

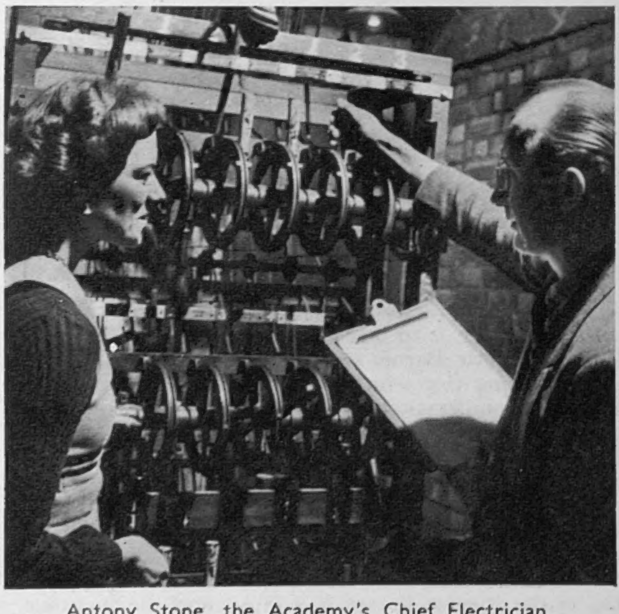
Handing on the Torch at the Royal Academy of

Books on the theatre are essential ; and here are Ann Jolliffe, Jill Gould and Henry Davies in the R.A.D.A. library.

Miss Catherine King takes a girls' Voice Production class which includes a young Chinese student from Malaya.

The Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes, watches students performing a Movement Test conducted by Miss Anny Boalth.

Mr. Wilfred Walter, the Shakespearean actor, galvanises a rehearsal into life in the Academy's Little Theatre.



Antony Stone, the Academy's Chief Electrician, explains the Little Theatre switchboard to Mary Law, a Final Division student.

The Fencing Instructor, Ernest Froeschler, watches Ralph Morris and Ronald Coleman.

L. to r., Miss Phyllis Bedells, Pauline Stroud, Mme. Karsavina and Beryl Jackson ; Misses Stroud and Jackson were dancing prizewinners.

Dramatic Art (contd.)

Students in a chorus from the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus. The R.A.D.A. training covers theatre of all kinds and periods.

Mr. Joseph O'Conor, himself a former R.A.D.A. student, now in *The Young Elizabeth*, instructs Arthur Blake. Fourth from left is Edward Hardwicke, son of Sir Cedric.

Students studying the time-table, known affectionately as "Rainbow Corner" because each subject is indicated with a different-coloured card.

The Administration, *l. to r.*, Mr. Hugh Miller, Miss Winifred Oughton, Lady Barnes with *Masha*, Sir Kenneth Barnes and Miss Mary Pilgrim, his secretary, relaxing at luncheon.

A cheerful crowd of students in the large and usually busy canteen during luncheon break. Mrs. Brazier, the popular manageress, is seen on the left in her white overall.

Richard Attenborough.

Pamela Brown.

Robert Beatty.

Barbara Couper.

Hugh Burden.

Sonia Dresdel.

Joan Greenwood.

Roland Culver.

Celia Johnson.

Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Ursula Jeans.

Griffith Jones.

Mervyn Johns.

Kay Hammond.

John Gielgud.

Beatrix Lehmann.

Robert Harris.

Vivien Leigh.

Joyce Redman.

Trevor Howard.

Flora Robson.

Herbert Lomas.

Athene Seyler.

Robert Morley.

Anthony Quayle.

Sheila Sim.

Ronald Squire.

Nora Swinburne.

Miles Malleson.

Gladys Young.

Austin Trevor.

Barbara Jefford.

Hugh Williams.

Kathleen Harrison.

Alan Badel.

Margaret Lockwood.

Some famous ex-R.A.D.A. Students

(See also previous pages)

Captain J. Alexander and Mrs. J. Thompson during the jolly evening at R.A.F., Upavon.

Flight Lieutenant and Mrs. G. Harris doing the Samba. She is very pretty and wore a most attractive dress.

Mrs. E. Edwards looked striking in black and white; here she is dancing with Wing-Commander W. Richardson.

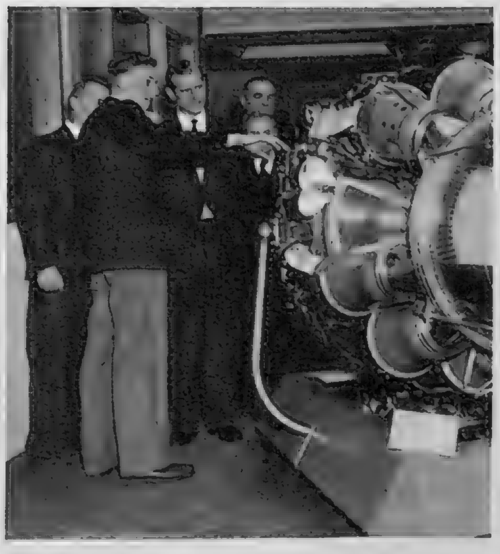
R.A.F. CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

There was a splendid Christmas ball with a tree covered with tinsel, mock snow and more substantial treats, given by the Royal Air Force in the Officers' Mess at Upavon, Pewsey, in Wiltshire, on December 19. A beautifully-laid parquet floor was ideal for dancing; Service decorations worn by many of the men and the gay and glamorous dresses of the ladies enhanced the typical R.A.F. spirit which prevailed throughout a very successful evening.

L. to r., Squadron Leader and Mrs. R. H. Smith, Mrs. and Major D. Hayes, Squadron Leader A. Mark and Miss T. Witheneil sit happily on marble steps between dances.

L. to r., back row: Squadron Leader G. W. Robinson, Mrs. E. Robinson, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mrs. J. Boardman, Flight Lieutenant F. R. Boardman, Flight Lieutenant F. R. Staples. *Front row*: Mr. John Hicks, Mrs. Bartlett, Flight Lieutenant W. Bartlett and Mrs. John Hicks.

DEC. 11.—Queen Mary, who has had to stay indoors since October after a cold, made a welcome reappearance when she went out for her first drive, well wrapped-up and wearing her traditional toque.



DEC. 16.—The Duke of Edinburgh inspecting a de Havilland Ghost jet engine when he opened the new Technical College at Hatfield, Herts. The college will provide training in aeronautical engineering for aircraft company employees.

DEC. 16.—The Queen visited the Royal Societ of Portrait Painters' Exhibition at 195, Picca dilly, where she saw several portraits of hersel Here she is talking to Augustus John, th Society's President.

DEC. 16.—The Duchess of Kent was at a luncheon at the Mansion House, given for her by the Government in appreciation of her highly successful tour of the Far East. She was loudly cheered by the other distinguished guests.

DEC. 17.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother took Princess Margaret and Prince Michael of Kent to a special performance of the pantomime *Jack and Jill* at the London Casino in aid of the King George's Fund for Sailors.

DEC. 18.—The Duchess of Gloucester was at Liverpool to welcome home men of the 1st Battalion The King's Own Scottish Borderers, a regiment of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, when they arrived back from Korea.

DEC. 18.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret arriving at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, for a gala performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes* in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Benevolent Fund.

DEC. 22.—The Queen with the Duke of Cornwall, Princess Anne and Princess Margaret arriving at King's Cross station *en route* for Sandringham. It was the Queen's first journey in the Royal train to Norfolk since her accession. The Duke of Edinburgh waited to greet her at Wolferton Station, near Sandringham, where other members of the Royal family were joining them for a traditional Royal Christmas.

Occasions From the Royal Diary

DEC. 12.—THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE. The Little Ship Club, which is said to have the largest number of members of its kind possible in the world, had its 26th annual dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel. *Left: l. to r.*, Mr. David Williams, Rear-Admiral C. Chillingworth, representing the U.S. Navy; Mrs. and Mr. L. P. Machell. *Centre:* Admiral Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, proposing the toast "The Club." *Right:* Miss Marguerite Kingsley-Thomas with Mr. H. J. Peacock.

DEC. 12.—MORE MEMBERS OF THE LITTLE SHIP CLUB. *Left:* Mr. and Mrs. Bill Howard Patterson enjoying the dinner dance. *Right:* Before dinner, *l. to r.*, Mrs. L. A. London, Mrs. Charles Barber, Lieut.-Commander Charles Barber, R.N.V.R., and Mr. L. A. London, who is one of the two vice-presidents of the club.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

THERE were over 300 people at the champagne-cocktail party on December 10 given by Lord and Lady Townshend at Raynham Hall, their enormous house in Norfolk, which has been so cleverly divided into nine flats that visitors would never know it. The Townshends have kept the main rooms, including the huge marble hall and the drawing-room off it which runs almost the width of the house. The smaller drawing-room, and the dining-room, with its round table and beautiful pictures, were used for the party.

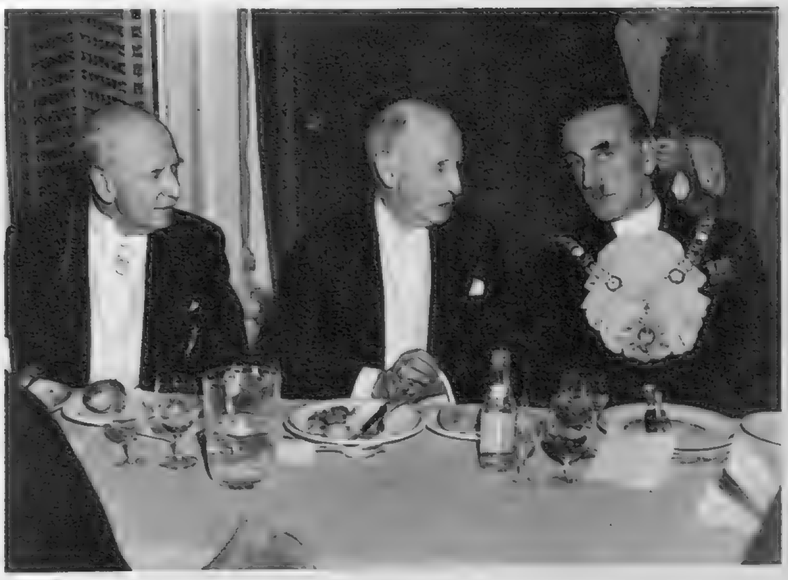
Among the guests, many of whom had been hunting that day with the West Norfolk Foxhounds, were the Master, Major Robert Hoare, his wife and daughter Manda; Sir Pryce and Lady Pryce-Jones who have lived in Norfolk since the war—she has twenty-two cousins in America, one of them the Governor of a State, another a High Court judge; Lady Joan Birkbeck, Lord Munster's sister; Lady Agnes Durham, Lord Townshend's aunt, who is still a keen party-goer at the age of eighty-two. Major and Mrs. Richard Coke, whose daughter Carolyn was one of this year's debs., came over from Weasenham, an enormous Edwardian copy of an Elizabethan house built by the second Lord Leicester for his second wife, who had seventeen children; they brought Baron Theo von Roth. Also there were Miss Sarah Luddington, who is engaged to Mr. Gerald Penrose; Father Winstanley, padré to the West Raynham Fighter Command Station, and Air Commodore Crisham, the Commanding Officer.

The Townshends have three children: Lord Raynham, and the Ladies Carolyn and Joanna Townshend.

DEC. 11.—Off to Avenue Road, N.W.8, for a party given by Mrs. John Carras for Princess Anne-Marie Callimachi and Mr. Derek Patmore to celebrate the publication of their respective new books. Princess Callimachi's *Yesterday Was Mine* recalls European society life before the war, and Mr. Patmore's *A Decorator's Notebook* has a gay jacket designed by Phillipe Jullian, who was at the party. Others moving about the drawing-room—which provided an amusing contrast between spring and autumn with daffodils in one corner and chrysanthemums in another—were Baron and Baroness Gevers, Olivia Manning, the novelist, Miss Jean Strang, Sir William Strang's daughter, who had a fetching little sequinned veil over her eyes, Mr. Peter Baker, M.P., and Lady Jowitt. Mrs. Campbell Johnson, wife of Alan Campbell Johnson, who wrote *Mission with Mountbatten*, was waiting for her husband to arrive. The Lebanese Minister, Mr. Khouri, was in white tie and tails, as he was going on to the Dorchester for the dance in aid of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution.

We went on there, too, and first impressions were that black was the chief colour and all the jewellery was real. Nice people enjoyed themselves; all was a-twinkle with Christmas atmosphere; there was a cabaret by

(Continued overleaf.)



DEC. 12.—THE UNITED WARDS CLUB OF THE CITY OF LONDON. The 76th Anniversary Dinner of the Club was held in the Grand Hall at the Connaught Rooms. *Left: l. to r.*, are Alderman Sir George Wilkinson, Mr. F. W. Doidge, High Commissioner for New Zealand, and the Lord Mayor, Alderman Sir Rupert De La Bère. *Right:* Lieut.-Colonel C. G. Surtees Shill, president of the Club, and Mr. B. G. Arthur, the former president.

DEC. 13.—WEDDING AT SALISBURY CATHEDRAL. *Left:* Mr. W. S. Dugdale leaving Salisbury Cathedral with his bride, the former Lady Belinda Pleydell-Bouverie, Lord Radnor's daughter. *Right:* Two of the child bridesmaids: Sarah Phillips and Mary Jane Coles. The reception was held at Longford Castle and the honeymoon is being spent in Mexico.

Our Social

Florence Desmond and a dress show arranged by Mark Luther. Lady Howe, chairman of the ball, looked splendid in black satin, her black satin stole lined with scarlet; Lady Midleton was in a fascinating dress made entirely of feathers; Mrs. Roger Mostyn, Lord Mostyn's daughter-in-law, looked very pretty in a full-skirted black dress brightly pinned with diamonds; Mrs. Bertram Ede wore a sheath of pink satin, very pretty with her silvery hair; among the younger women, Mrs. Edward Lambton was particularly smart and attractive.

There were all sorts of treats in aid of the good cause, including a tombola and raffles, prizes in which included a trip to Lisbon for two—but not, we were glad to hear, by lifeboat!

DEC. 12.—The Duke of Beaufort's Hunt, Farmers' and Subscribers' Hunt Ball was a great success at Badminton House; hunt balls are always much more enjoyable in private houses and the Duke of Beaufort's lovely big eighteenth-century home is ideal.

Among the many people there were Lady Avice Spicer, Lord De La Warr's sister; Captain Sir Christopher Codrington, Mrs. Freeman-Thomas, who was Miss Moyra Marjoribanks; Captain M. J. Kingscote, famous hunting man and polo player; Captain and Mrs. A. Smith-Bingham, Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Eastwood, Major-General Sir Stewart Menzies, Mrs. P. Malet du Cros, Mr. H. C. Coriat and Major G. A. Gundry, the last two both Masters of Foxhounds.

The Duke of Beaufort has been Master of the Horse since 1936.

DEC. 13.—Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who have just moved into the Gatehouse of Ascott, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild's house near Leighton Buzzard, had a Christmas house-warming party. Mrs. Cunliffe-Lister and her Viennese cook between them prepared everything for the magnificent buffet, and among the delicious things provided were small, hot, home-made sausages, cold roast beef, various Viennese salads and Austrian fruit cup—all this preceded by Martinis mixed by Mr. Philip Cunliffe-Lister, who is Lord Swinton's son.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild were there, with their son Evelyn, who has just finished his National Service as a midshipman in the Navy, and their daughter Renée, who has just returned from a visit to France and Spain. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Boswell—he is a descendant of James Boswell—came over from Crawley Grange; also there were Sir Clive Edwards, who is very keen on motor racing; Mr. Peter Rendell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smithers and Mlle. Audile Myers, who has just come over to settle in London from New York, where she was a fashion-designer for Bergdorf-Goodman.

Although it was such a cold night, many of the hosts' ex-neighbours

DEC. 12.—MORE AT THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE UNITED WARDS CLUB. *Left:* Mr. Deputy F. Youldon, a past president; Colonel Jack Hume-Taylor, Marshal of the City of London; and Mr. W. Rose. *Right: l. to r.*, Major G. N. Bardwell, Colonel Sir William Waldron and Colonel S. Boyle. Others present at this large dinner included Mr. F. W. Utting, Sir Henry Seymour Collett, Captain Julian F. C. Bennett, Major Stanley W. Wells and Sir Frederick Handley Page.

DEC. 13.—OUT WITH THE SANDHURST DRAG. Captain Michael Stourton, Grenadier Guards, with the hounds when they met at Barley Mow, Dogmersfield. This is one of the few drags now remaining.

DEC. 17.—LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. Mr. Charles Strutt, Lord Rayleigh's brother, married Miss Jean Davidson, daughter of Lord and Lady Davidson.

Diary (contd.)

ove over from Berkshire, among them Miss Jenny Clement-Davies, r. and Mrs. d'Arcy Gubbins and Mr. and Mrs. Guy Burhand.

EC. 18.—The vast, tiered, gilt-and-plush splendour of Covent Garden, acked to its limits, made a splendid setting for Queen Elizabeth the ueen Mother, magnificent in black velvet and diamonds, when she went ith Princess Margaret to the gala performance of *Le Lac des Cygnes*. remendous cheers greeted the Royal party, which included Lady pencer and Captain Oliver Dawnay, respectively Lady-in-Waiting and rivate Secretary to the Queen Mother; Miss Iris Peake, Lady-in-Vaiting to Princess Margaret; Lady Rosemary Spencer-Churchill, Lord orchester, Mr. Richard Beaumont and Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter.

The performance, in which Beryl Grey danced Odette/Odile and John ield danced Prince Siegfried, was in aid of the Sadler's Wells Ballet enevolent Fund and the Sadler's Wells School. Programmes were sold y pretty young ladies—including Miss Joanna Smith-Bingham, wearing a black-and-white organza skirt; Miss Claire Baring and the Misses Jennifer and Susan Renwick. The crowd was so great it was almost impossible to get about, and the Royal car had to battle its way through a very enthusiastic, cheering crowd after the party had left by a side-door.

Among the hundreds of people to be seen were the Italian Ambassador and Mme. Brosio, the Japanese Ambassador and Mme. Matsumoto, Lord and Lady Waverley, Lord and Lady de la Warr—he is the Postmaster-General; Lord Wakehurst, Lord St. Just, Lady Rose McLaren and Lady Scarsdale.

This same evening there were 7000 people at Olympia to acclaim the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh when they went to a special performance of Bertram Mills Circus—the first time that a reigning British monarch has been to a circus since Queen Victoria took her grandchildren in 1887 to a purely private performance of the visiting Paris Hippodrome company at the newly-opened Olympia.

There was a huge crowd outside Olympia to cheer the Queen and Duke as they arrived, and they were greeted by the three directors of the Circus, Mr. Cyril Mills, Mr. Bernard Mills and Mr. Ronald Pickering. The Queen looked splendid in a ballerina-length grey tulle dress embroidered with sequins; the Duke of Edinburgh wore a dinner jacket. They went to look at the horses before going to the Royal box, and after the opening parade, *Foxhunter* was brought into the ring and presented by Lieut.-Colonel Harry Llewellyn: the famous horse is on show at Olympia for charity. This special performance was sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the National Playing Fields Association, of which the Duke of Edinburgh is president.

DEC. 18.—AMPLY ATTENDED. A long retinue attended Miss Dione Marian Sherbrooke, daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. R. St. V. Sherbrooke, when she married Captain Edward Digby, of the Coldstream Guards, only son of Lord and Lady Digby.

DEC. 18.—OFF TO THE CIRCUS. The famous Mills Circus opened with an even more brilliant fanfare than usual. (See page 633.) Here, setting off, are Miss Valerie Mullock, Lady Listowel and Miss Juliet Fleming, who were in Mr. David Miln's party.

DEC. 18.—MARRIAGE AT ST. MICHAEL'S, CHESTER SQUARE. The former Miss Yvery Paynter and Mr. Edward Hamish Wallace smiling after their London wedding.

DEC. 20.—CELEBRATION COCKTAIL PARTY. Officers of the 1st Battalion the Middlesex Regiment, which recently returned home after 3½ years overseas in Hong Kong and Korea, gave a party at the United Services Club. *Left* (*l. to r.*) are Lieut.-Colonel M. Crawford, Mrs. Tidbury and Miss S. Tidbury, and *right* (*l. to r.*) Mr. Craig Horne, Mrs. Billy Bennett, Major Brinley Ayre and Mrs. Craig Horne.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

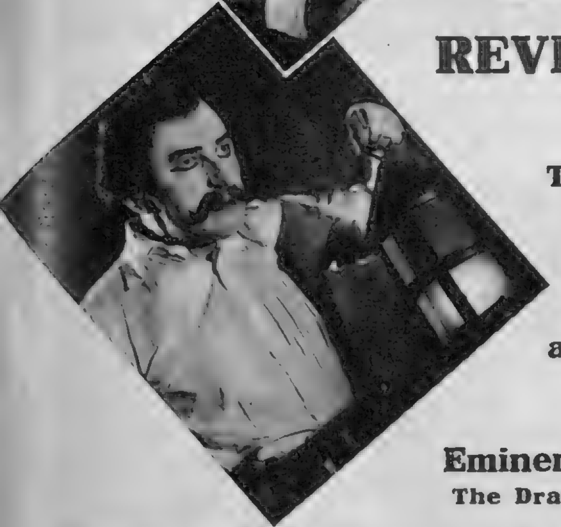
DEC. 19.—This was a terrific night for hunt balls in Dublin—the Metropole was filled to capacity by 500 people at the South County Dublin Hunt Ball, and the Master, Mr. Nicholas O'Dwyer, brother of the famous Irish Army horseman, brought a party of fifty-six. Two other hunt balls in Dublin that night were the Fingal and the Corduff; among the well-known hunting and racing people enjoying them were Mr. Michael O'Brien, Master of the neighbouring Bray Harriers, Mrs. O'Brien and their daughter Richella, who, at fourteen, is Ireland's youngest whipper-in; Mr. Harry Kellett, wearing the white facings of the Ward Union; Mr. and Mrs. Martin Byrne and Mr. and Mrs. David Harvey, she in pewter grey, with their daughter Anne, who was making her début.

DEC. 20.—The younger generation, not knocking at the door but well in, predominated at a merry Chelsea party on Saturday; among them were Miss Diana Blacker, who was a 1952 débutante and is the daughter of Lady Doris Blacker; Mr. Thomas Ponsonby, the only son of Lord Ponsonby of Shulbrede; Miss Sally Woodhouse, up from Dorset and the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. A. G. Woodhouse, who was in the 14/20th Hussars for both World Wars, and married Miss Cicely Troyte-Bullock, the youngest of three daughters from Zeals House, Wiltshire; Miss Charlotte Strachey, the hostess, with a gold hand pinned to the brink of her black dress; her mother, Isobel Strachey, the novelist, in a pale, frilled stole and black dress; Mrs. Lowry-Corry and her daughter Josephine; Mr. Robert Constable-Maxwell, Grenadier Guards; red-haired Miss Josephine Hill, in a Spanish shawl, with her brother Mr. Nicholas Hill; Miss Emma Devas, daughter of the painter, Anthony Devas; Mr. Brian Calvert, who got such good notices for his performance of *Hamlet* at Stowe last summer and plans to become an actor when he has finished his National Service in the Navy; Mr. James Bailey, who has done much décor for opera, ballet and the theatre, and is the youngest son of Lady Janet and the late Lieut.-Colonel Frederick Bailey; and Mr. Jeremy Scott, son of J. M. Scott, the writer.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

MARIA MARTEN

(or the Murder in the Old Red Barn)



PERFIDY! MURDER! REVENGE! VINDICATION!

The Celebrated Moral Domestic Drama Revised and wholly reformed by Mr. Alec Clunes as to be inoffensive to the Fair Sex and

Eminently Suitable for Young Children.

The Drama embellished by the addition of a fully augmented (two-piece) orchestra.

As currently being performed at the Arts Theatre Club and perpetrated pictorially overleaf with the aid of Mr. Houston Rogers' photographic machine.

"Maria Marten" (contin

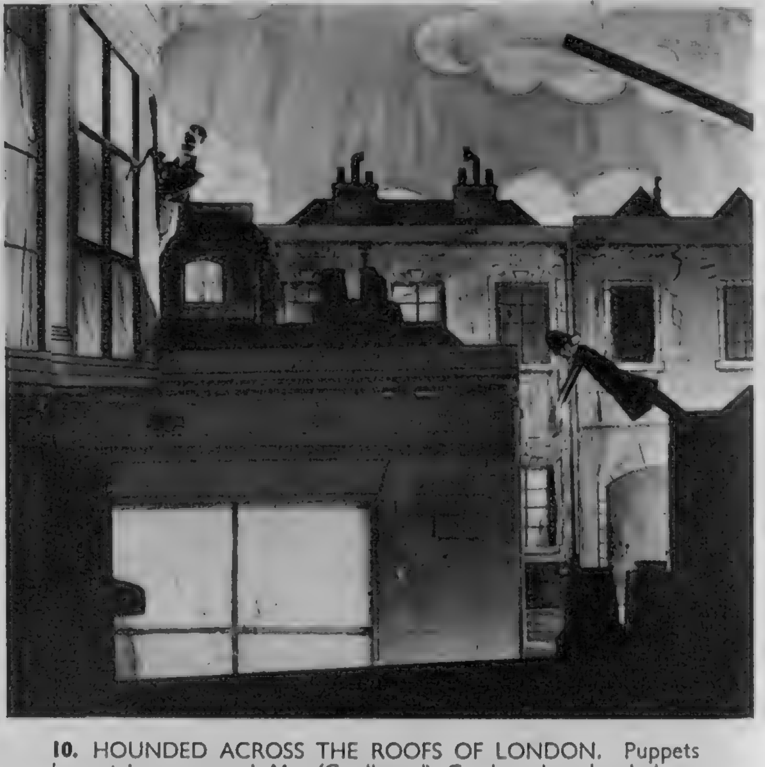
1. DO NOT TRUST HIM, GENTLE MAIDEN. You can start hissing at once, for here is the villain, William Corder (Mark Dignam), making clear his designs on Maria (Miss S. Williams).

2. HIST! THEY ARE OBSERVED! Ishmael Lee, one of the four rôles played by Mr. D. Jones (at the window), knew what was afoot all right; here he proclaims the worst to the audience while Maria innocently feeds poison to her che-ild, egged on by William Corder.

5. MURDER MOST FOUL. Maria, poor dear sweet thing, faces her final exit at the point of wicked William Corder's pistol; a poignant moment.

6. NOVEL AND EXTRAVAGANT SCENIC DEVICE. Death has not done for Maria; oh, no, by no means. Here, quite smartly dressed, she joins a heavenly choir with a jolly authentic-looking angel on the left.

9. CORDER'S CONVIVIAL SONGSTERS. Mr. Corder, cad that he is, inevitably has convivial friends. Here sing three, with sadistic waggling of moustaches.



10. HOUNDED ACROSS THE ROOFS OF LONDON. Puppets here take over and Mr. (Cardboard) Corder cleverly eludes a fake policeman in one of the earliest roof-top chases ever devised.

11. JU
over, t

ng the Red Barn Frolic)

3. PASSING IN OF CHECKS. The know-all gypsy presents a saintly front to wicked Mr. Corder, loose with a pistol against a rustic backcloth. But the gypsy must be liquidated and the villain sees to it.

4. FIRE ! (TERRIFIC STAGE ILLUSION.) William Corder's cottage goes up in flames, brightening the static clouds and giving the gypsies something to talk about round their cauldron.

7. MOTHER'S PROPHETIC DREAM. Maria *of course* has a mother, who dreams her darling daughter's demise in really mother-like detail. *A Mother's Dream* is a queen-pin incident in this rollicking production.

8. 'ORRIBLE DISCOVERY. Despite the nasty goings on families cling together ; Maria's father and her sister's boy friend show dismay when discovering her corpse.

UCE TRIUMPHANT ! The hazardous stuff
t characters prowl the boards and Corder
ends beneath the arm of the law.

12. DEATH TO THE DEATH-DEALER. The gallows are an ordeal even for a gentleman : Mr. Corder makes this fairly unusual grade as well as he can, not specially upheld by the celestial Maria peeking at him through the clouds.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

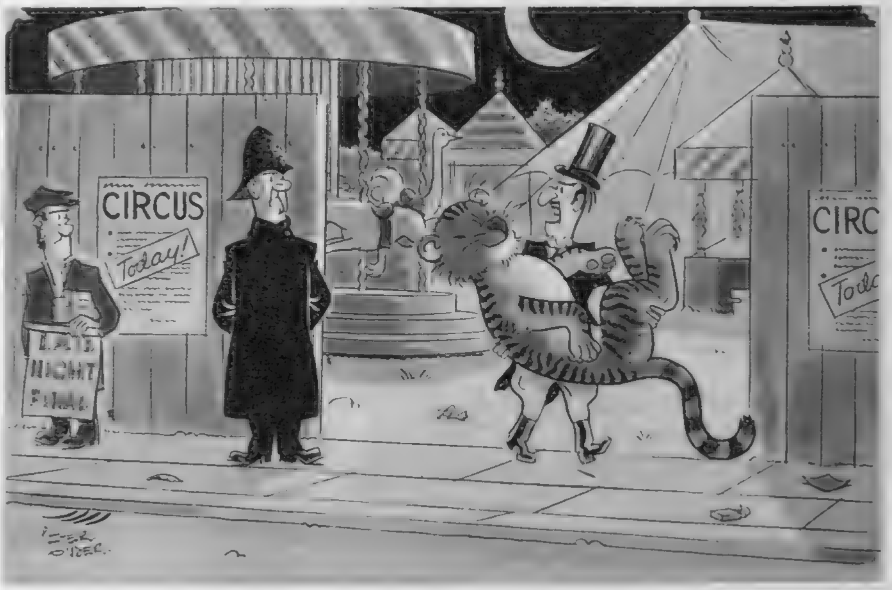
By LOUIS T. STANLEY

On Watching—And Winning?—The Ryder Cup

GONE are the days when a spectator is crushed and buffeted by a stampeding crowd at a big golf match. I recall many a pre-war championship when the non-athletic onlooker saw little but "the 'oofs of the 'orses." A classic in this connection was the Open Championship of 1925. I admit that Prestwick is not a good links for crowd control, but on this occasion the galleries were completely out of hand. Thousands swirled across the fairways, particularly that bottle-neck known as the Loop, in a misguided attempt to cheer Macdonald Smith to victory. Unhappily, the reverse was the case. Mac Smith blamed the crowd for his failure. Perhaps a trifle unfair, although his supporters were certainly a contributory factor in that last tragic round of 82. In lighter vein many will recall the hectic scenes a few months ago when the cause of charity brought together Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Donald Peers and Ted Ray in the name of golf. Never have I seen so many high heels embedding themselves in fairway and green. The slogan that day was "golf be damned. I 've come to see."

In a way, freedom of movement is inevitable for, unlike other games where play takes place within strict bounds, a golf gallery is fluid and scatters. For many people that is an integral part of the pleasure of watching golf. At Twickenham the spectator is given a bird's-eye view of thirty midgets chasing one another all over the pitch. In golf you get a close-up of the players and their reactions, hear a muttered imprecation, or note an individualistic grip. If our technical knowledge of the game is slight, we can imitate the short-sighted Mr. Malthus, who, unable to see the cards dealt in the game of death at the Suicide Club, was content "at least to watch the faces." But there is going to be nothing like that when the Ryder Cup match is played at Wentworth next October. Those who have memories of John Ball playing at Hoylake before a gallery kept in check by a handful of blue-jerseyed fishermen holding a rope must adjust themselves to the terrifying prospect of spectators being disciplined by an army of 1044 stewards. The idea is that teams of stewards—a ratio of sixty-two for a long hole and forty-four for a short 'un—will each be responsible for one hole.

The preparations sound more in keeping with a stormy Soccer international match in the Argentine. Presumably they are necessary, as I notice an optimistic prophet suggests that 100,000 spectators will watch the two-days play. I am sure that the crowd control arrangements will be handled with machine-like precision and smoothness, even if it means that we only catch an occasional glimpse of the play through a forest of red flags.



"Doing? Putting the cat out, of course . . . !"

The Search For Fresh Blood

The machinery of pre-match administration in international sport is becoming increasingly complex, but it is a domestic headache. Of greater concern to golfers at the moment is the possible framework of the team. The identity of the captain will be revealed on January 16. Everything points to Henry Cotton. The choice would be admirable. I only hope it will not carry the limiting tag of "non-playing." Critics may say that Cotton has reached the age when he should retire from competitive golf. He announced at Lytham after Bobby Locke had won the Open title that he had made his farewell appearance. But we have heard that before. From the conversation I had with him some weeks ago, I would say that this coming season will see him once again in the thick of tournament golf. Not every event, but sufficient to get the edge on his game. Henry Cotton is still a force in the world of golf. I would rank him as the most impressive striker of a golf ball this side of the Atlantic. Not only that, but he is feared by many top-line Americans. I remember talking to Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum just before the *Queen Elizabeth* docked at Southampton with the 1949 U.S. Ryder Cup team. They were curious to know how Cotton was playing. Mangrum went on to say that any member of their team would consider the trip worth while if he had the satisfaction of beating the Englishman in the match-play Championship. As it turned out, it was Cotton who collected the scalps. I would not say that Cotton is popular among the American professionals, but on form he is feared. That itself is worth several shots in match-play.

Apart from Cotton the outlook is mixed. The season ended with Harry Weetman heading the home professionals. He was there on merit, though I am not impressed by his style. It is still a trifle raw. Youth is on his side. If he works at his game the possibilities are tremendous. Max Faulkner did not have a good season. In a way it is his own fault. Far too much energy has been taken up in golfing trips all over the world. He would do well to quit the showman role for a few months and get down to the hard grind of back-breaking practice. Like Weetman, he is an exceptionally powerful player, but there is room for improvement. That is partly the trouble with Dai Rees. The little Welshman has burned himself out with the strain imposed by the heavy travelling schedule of the past few years. No one could maintain the pace without their game being affected. The medical advice to cut out golf completely for a couple of months was sound common sense. If it is followed, Rees should be back in form for the main events of the season. John Panton holds his place as Scotland's No. 1 professional, though again here is a golfer who has still to reach the peak. He reminds me of the heavyweight boxer, Johnny Williams, who seems incapable of punching his full weight. When he does, the opponent usually takes the count, like the 16-stone Werner Wiegand did a few weeks ago. Panton can produce the shots, but the edge seems to disappear as soon as the chips are down. Similar criticism might be levelled against Tom Haliburton. Here you have one of the smoothest stylists in British golf. Who will ever forget that astonishing round at Worthing? It was the lowest ever returned in a British professional tournament. To spite those who imagine that such things only happen in America, here are his figures for the 6376-yards layout: Out—4, 3, 2, 4, 3, 4, 3, 3, 3—29; In—3, 3, 4, 4, 3, 4, 4, 4, 3—32. Total, 61. A second round of 65 gave him a total of 126, which was a world professional record for two consecutive rounds. He then seemed to take fright at the enormity of his offence, and it left him in fourth place when the tournament ended. That streak may cost him a Ryder Cup place. The local knowledge that he has of Wentworth through being club professional is offset by a gentle nature that refuses to toughen. Against American Ryder Cup players only the tough survive.

Fred Daly has come back on form. Last season he had recaptured the flair that made him No. 1 British golfer. He is a natural match player. Eric Brown is a name that should be well to the fore this season. His confidence is remarkable. Few people could fault his putting, though the long game tends to become loose and erratic. Arthur Lees failed to capture public imagination last season, but his dour, unspectacular consistency may well secure his place. Sam King has leeway to make up. Veteran of many a tussle with Americans, the Kent professional is one of the most difficult men in the world to beat in the cut-and-thrust of match-play. Jack Hargreaves may re-establish himself after a disappointing year. Others who will be challenging for recognition are Wally Smithers, Charles Ward, Ken Bousfield, Norman Sutton, Alan Waters and Reg Horne. Of the younger school I can only name Peter Alliss, A. J. Harman, B. J. Hunt, and R. P. Mills. Actually there are some 120 P.G.A. members under twenty-one years of age, but as yet there is no sign of an embryonic Locke or Julius Boros.

I have been "prophesyin' avay like a red-faced Nixon" about Ryder Cup nominations. I add one more. We can win the Ryder Cup, but so much depends on the imagination shown by the selectors and captain. It is a fallacy to select a team for match-play by performances with card-and-pencil. As the fixture-list stands at present, the only match-play event is a fortnight before the actual match. It is to be hoped that the trial matches will be made as exacting as possible.

As Others See Us

The Russian newspaper *Sport* expressed the view that professional Soccer players in Britain are "miserably paid vassals and slaves bound to their masters . . . players have been crippled for life because of an argument over who should pay for injuries . . . one London club evicted the families of several players who refused to sign contracts of enslavement." The article accused the late Socialist Government of promising better conditions and doing nothing about it.

From Peter Arno's "Sizzling Platter" (Robert Hale ; 12s. 6d.)

" REMEMBER, MR. BLENKINSOP—NO PATTING IT SMOOTH THIS TIME."

1. "Bushy" qualifies for membership of the Handlebar Club. . . .

2. . . . and drinks an inaugural toast with his fellow members.

THE NEW MEMBER

(Extract from the Handlebar Club Minute Book.)

At 8 p.m. on Friday, December 19, 1952, at the *Crown*, Brewer Street, W.1, one "Bushy" of *The Sketch*, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, was duly proposed and seconded for membership of the Handlebar Club by the president, Mr. Raymond Glendenning, and the secretary, Mr. Noel Henkel. He was measured against the Club's champion handlebar, Mr. Ted Hooker, and, not being found wanting, was formally elected to Honorary Life Membership (applause, loud and long). He was invested with the Club's insignia and dined with his new companions of the brush.

3. He is invested with the insignia of full membership. . . .

4. . . . . and poses graciously for the Official Club Group.

Photographed by Swaebe.

MORNING RIDE

Riding becomes more and more popular among the younger generation, and David and Carolyn Abel Smith are no exceptions. They are the twelve-year-old son and ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Alexander Abel Smith. Whenever they can, they are out exercising their ponies—David's grey *Day Light* and Carolyn's jolly-looking little *Nobby*—in the lovely Hertfordshire countryside around Bush Hall, Hatfield, where they live. They also have two boxer dogs, *Trixie* and *Mischief*, who frequently accompany them on their adventures.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

The Old Year — And The New

NEW YEAR'S EVE. So, first of all, a Very Happy New Year to our readers.

Then a thought or two about the past twelve months. They have yielded a satisfying harvest and represented much sound, steady progress. The first big step towards providing an all-Britain television network was completed to schedule and now provides a greater national coverage than in any other country. Also, during these twelve months television became not only national but international. The Franco-British week may have been merely an experiment, but it opened exciting possibilities.

There can be no doubt that, in the year, television has grown enormously in the consciousness of the public. Television has become NEWS, and scarcely a day passes without some headline or other appearing in the Press, telling of some important debate on the subject, or merely the latest amusing lapse from grace of Gilbert Harding!

1952 will also be remembered as the year in which commercial broadcasting was accepted in principle. What the result of that decision will be, no one can yet predict with certainty.

Turning to the programmes themselves, we invite the B.B.C. to be well satisfied. The technique of presentation has developed slowly and surely, and one or two interesting new ideas have been successfully tried out. Back-projection is one such; another is the use of "suggested scenery," with only a few pieces of furniture, a tree, or part of an arch, visible against a plain background.

Sifting even more finely, we come to the individual efforts of the producers, the actors, authors, designers and speakers.

In the past it was the practice of *The Sketch* to present a critic's "Oscar" for the best personal accomplishment in television of the year. It would be a difficult choice to make on this New Year's Eve.

If we were to look back through our files we would come on the words "brilliant" and "superb" quite often—and they were never applied carelessly. Nowadays there is no difficulty in luring the best actors and the most exciting personalities to the television studios.

But if the choice had to be made, we would first incline to light on Sir Thomas Beecham, whose broadcast in *The Conductor Speaks* was quite unforgettable. Then we would have second thoughts and finally decide on George Cansdale, the Superintendent of the London Zoo, for his *Looking at Animals* series. Here is not a single flash of brilliance, but a steady, repeated show of charm. Mr. Cansdale's unaffected manner, his knowledge, his interest and obvious love of animals has surely made him the best-liked television personality of to-day. So there you are, Sir, the imaginary "Oscar" is yours.

BUT New Year's Eve is also a time for looking ahead, so let us abrogate the functions of *Watching Brief*, and consider the future as it will be seen on our cathode-ray tubes.

The News Reels and Outside Broadcasts, of course, take care of themselves. Their future rather depends on what pranks this comic world of ours decides to get up to and is completely overshadowed by what will be the greatest O.B. of all time: the Coronation.

In Drama the programme is more sound than startling. Perhaps the most interesting news item is that a third regular schedule of plays has sprung into being. This will operate fortnightly on alternate Wednesdays, commencing to-night, and will be devoted to short plays lasting from 30 to 50 minutes. This first offering of *Wednesday Theatre* is *The Mayor of Torontal*, by Gwenyth Jones, a light-hearted affair about the problems of the chief citizen of a Polish village.

To-morrow the New Year proper begins with *The Affair at Assino*, by N. C. Hunter, whose *Adam's Apple* recently was such a riot of fun. This one is more serious, with Robert Eddison, Daphne Slater and Hector Ross in it.

So You Can See . . .

. . . and, the New Year being a particularly suitable time to count our blessings, we should be specially thankful for the fact that we *can* see. For there are those who can't, and to them a wireless set becomes an instrument of far greater significance than it can ever be to us: so important, indeed, and so great a blessing, that no blind person in the coming Coronation Year of Grace should be without the means of listening to those great and moving moments that he or she will never see.

So if you have not already responded to Sir Ian Fraser's Christmas Night Appeal for the Wireless for the Blind Fund, there is still time. Donations—and please, *please* make them generous ones—should be sent to Sir Ian Fraser, Wireless for the Blind Fund, 159, Great Portland St., London, W.1.

Thereafter the season gets into its stride with plays from the pens of such writers as Storm Jameson, Gilbert Cesbron and Eric Ambler. We also hear rumours of a new play by Beverley Nichols, *The Shadow of the Vine*, a grim domestic drama, with alcoholism as its theme. The next Shakespeare is to be *As You Like It*, with lovely Margaret Leighton in the lead.

On the lighter side we hear tell of a new Arthur Askey series, and a "panel-show," *Down You Go!* This latter is another American importation and if it replaces *What's My Line*, which seems to be developing into a silly shambles, we won't be sorry. Later Henry Hall is to appear in *Face the Music*, which may or may not become a series, and Jewell and Warris are busy cooking up a new set of programmes for us. Other regular features like *Shop Window* are to continue, and that programme-which-won't-lie-down, *Kaleidoscope*, is to come back.

In the operatic field, the next one is Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, which should be charming on television. For the balletomanes there will be another *Ballet for Beginners* series, and also a programme by the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, with *Carnaval* as one of the items.

As a final word on this subject of the future, the B.B.C. advised us to draw your attention to Bill and Ben the Flowerpot Men, who are making their début in the Children's Programme. These two characters unblushingly claim that they will soon be as much household personalities as Muffin and Andy Pandy.

NOW for a few of the programmes which have seen the Old Year out.

Asmodée, by François Mauriac, was quite one of the most polished things we've seen on television. Basil Bartlett made a polished translation of this tense play of grinding personalities. Polished, too, was Harold Clayton's production and the performances of Eileen Peel, Peter Cushing, Elizabeth Henson and Michael Meacham. And we got real pleasure out of the lovely settings which were provided by Richard Wilmot.

The American folk-opera *Down in the Valley*, words by Arnold Sundgaard, music by Kurt Weill, left us feeling unsatisfied. There was nothing wrong with the singing of Diane Dubarry, Robert Edy and Edmund Donlevy, nor with their acting. Philip Bate produced with feeling and economy. The music, based on the folk songs of America, was charming. But surely much more could have been made of the story of the young man who breaks gaol to say farewell to his girl, before he is hung for killing his rival in a fight. It should have been moving. In fact it was trite.

Ashley Dukes' *The Man with a Load of Mischief* saw Michael Barry in the producer's chair, and the result was truly worthy of the master. It is a gay piece, which nevertheless contains some fine passages of the English language. Discursiveness on the moral plane is always dangerous in a comedy, and this one needs beautiful playing. It got it from the entire cast and especially from Margaret Johnston as a virtuous lady with a slightly slippery past; André van Gyseghem as the most splendid of Regency rakes and Tony Britton as his servant, stout of heart and leveller in outlook.

One final item of sheer fun: Wolf Mankowitz's *Make Me an Offer*. This took us into the tortuous world peopled by antique dealers and such. Apparently it is a world of double-deal and treble-cross and its inhabitants provide unlimited scope for the author's delicious sense of caricature. He was hilariously abetted by his players, of whom Sydney Taffler, Harry Fowler and Arnold Marlé gave us the most joy.

Introducing . . .

VII. MICHAEL BARRY

WHEN Michael Barry was promoted from producer to Head of Television Drama, many doubtful heads were shaken. Paradoxically, most of this head-shaking was done by his friends and well-wishers. "Michael is a brilliant producer," they said. "He probably knows more about the drama and how to present it than anyone else in television. But he is first and foremost an artist. He will never be able to cope with the endless administrative work of running a large department."

They were right—but only partly so. Michael Barry is indeed a brilliant producer, and it is gratifying to see that being an "office-wallah" has not blunted the edge of his talents. The Man With a Load of Mischief *showed that very clearly.*

His friends were also right about his vast knowledge. With only one break, in the war years—during which he served with the Royal Marines—he has devoted his life to the drama. There is scarcely a side of it in which he has not had considerable experience. He has acted, designed scenery, written plays, produced in the theatre, and even directed a film. Add to all this many years of script-reading and playgoing, and it becomes obvious that this knowledge is of no mean order.

It is correct, too, to say that he is first and foremost

an artist. It needs only five minutes' conversation with him to realise that. We have spent many delightful hours talking to him and the time has always flown too quickly. We have watched him in the throes of production, when he becomes so absorbed that he is completely oblivious to everything else. Then he is quite liable not to hear when spoken to and to walk past his friends without the slightest sign of recognition.

But the fallacy lay in the prediction that he would not prove an adequate administrator. He has succeeded amazingly. Michael Barry's self-dedication to television drama has overcome his natural inclinations.

So a square peg in a round hole can, after all, prove a success.

THE QUEEN AT THE CIRCUS

In mink, grey tulle and sequins the Queen, escorted by the Duke of Edinburgh, went to a special performance of Bertram Mills Circus at Olympia on December 18, sponsored by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. The performance included a special circus ballet in which Nadia Nerina (*right*) was the star. Her Majesty and the Duke spent some time inspecting horses outside the ring, and is seen (*left*) passing through ranks of circus performers escorted by Mr. Cyril Mills.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Dear Charles

(*New*)

YVONNE ARNAUD has a gift for making wholly delightful on the stage the kind of woman with whom it would be a plague to live. With that champagne-bubble in her voice, the sudden anxious squeak when the voice thins away to nothing, and the most expressive mouth in the English theatre, she can woo and win us from the moment a comedy opens. Dramatists who write plays for her, trade shamelessly on her charm—and why shouldn't they? Denise, in the new comedy (which, in spite of its French derivation, is built for Arnaud), is probably an exasperating creature in the script. On the stage she is simply Arnaud, and that is all that counts. While I was watching, and listening to, the comedienne in full flutter the other night, I wondered again at the oddity of the casting that condemned her to play the complacent actress in Anouilh's *Colombe*. That was bold; but it would not do.

Still, bygones are (curiously) bygones. We have Miss Arnaud with us, now in her sunniest mood. She beams upon the living-room of a house in Paris. She beams upon her three children. And she beams upon her three—well, not husbands: rather, friends of the family, met again after many years. The first is an English baronet, who is the father of Walter; the second is a fizzing Polish pianist, who is the father of Martine; the third is an engaging Frenchman, who is the father of Bruno. They are all parts of Mama's past. Need we ask why they are assembled, surprisingly, on this spring evening in Paris? I think not: that has to do with the tricks of the comedy. Let me say only that, until the trio appears, the children have believed their father to have been the original of a portrait over the mantelpiece. A bland enough portrait: nothing wrong with it, one would suppose—and indeed the only thing wrong is that it has no conceivable right to be there as a piece of family evidence. Mama bought it many years ago (it cost four guineas) during a visit to the Lanes at Brighton; and "dear Charles" has hung ever since in her living-room as a substitute for the husband she has never had. To the children this "dear Charles" has been the lost head of the household. . . . It will be better, I think, if you read on from here.

Alan Melville has put into this play much of the cheerful theatrical wit, the brisk pit-patter of repartee, that I imagine the first play on the theme would have lacked. Observe, please, that *Dear Charles* is said to be "after" a French original: it is a useful phrase. Personally, I found this (some slow passages aside) a charmingly nonsensical evening, gossamer compared with, say, the plod-plod of an American crazy "thriller" two nights before: when Broadway flops, it can flop with a thud. But those dark thoughts will not worry you at the New Theatre. My sole reservation is that this is not a play for a second-rate cast. Mr. Melville may wonder about it in years ahead. Meanwhile he is happy to have an Arnaud; a Charles Goldner who, though unintelligible sometimes on the first night, got away with the temperamental Pole by his surging high spirits; and, I would add, a Garry Marsh who discovers all the fun in the stolid Northumbrian, Sir Michael, by refusing to force and underline. In this kind of comedy it is fatal to italicise your speeches, to cover a part with little labels saying "Laugh here." The present cast never does this, and the laughs come.

Without Yvonne Arnaud I might be talking differently. She has not invariably conquered me in the past; but when she is in her bubble-pipe mood, as in *Dear Charles*, the glummest and most cynical must fall. Long may she reign.

The Dancing Princesses

(*Embassy*)

THE usual things are happening in the Christmas theatre. Dames and Principal Boys are thrashing around, on skates and off; Peter Pan is flying through the Darlings' window; rabbits appear from hats, St. George waves his sword, elephants tread the sawdust. All very proper. But if I am to take one play from the packed Christmas stage, my choice, without a flicker of hesitation, must be *The Dancing Princesses*, at the Embassy. There has been no better Christmas piece for years, and I say that (in the usual pompous phrase) weighing every syllable. While the syllables are being weighed, I would murmur that the Embassy, just outside Swiss Cottage Station, is easy to get at—and worth the journey.

". . . Thistledown calling Nectarine—one more circuit and go in after Honeydew—over."

The play, based by Francis Dillon upon one of the Grimm tales, is for any child with a sense of wonder: such a child as the Taffy of whom "Q" wrote in *The Ship of Stars*: ". . . Loveliness broke through the ruins, unfolding like a rose; it was this that seized on the child's heart until he could have wept for its mere beauty." It may be unfashionable to suggest that there are still Taffies; I take the risk and will say simply that anyone who wants a new Christmas play of grace, elegance, and enough of the nonsensical nursery-humour inseparable from a holiday piece, will find the very thing at the Embassy. It is the story of the Princesses who dance at night in the enchanted castle; Laurence Payne has produced it delicately; and the acting of Sheila Manahan, Sheila Shand Gibbs and Alwyne Whatsley will be remembered. So will the décor (by Stephen Doncaster), especially the picture of the Castle as it glimmers, at dead of night, across the levels of the shining, moonlit lake.

For Better, For Worse . . .

(*Comedy*)

ARTHUR WATKYN was a brave man when he wrote this piece. There are no theatrical alarums. There is a bare shred of plot. We have a young married couple, their absurdly small flat, and their domestic worries. It serves: Geraldine McEwan and Leslie Phillips are as attractive and direct as we could wish; Anthony Sharp knows about estate agents' clerks, and Stanley Rose about removal men. The comedy will haunt the repertory theatres for the next decade. At present it is in Panton Street, a serviceable addition to the holiday list and the most likely play this luckless house has had for a long time.

Maria Marten

(*Arts Theatre Club*)

"CURSE the girl!" observes Mark Dignam with some relish, and the audience hisses; all is well at the Arts while William Corder goes, step by step, to doom. Some burlesques of melodrama—a style harder than it looks—are as tame as a wet Saturday night in Bayswater; but *Maria*, thanks to Alec Clunes's ingenuity, is a winner all the way. Everything is here: gipsy's warning, Spectacular Effects, Maria snatching the child from beneath a thundering train (credit to British Railways), a cottage in flames, cues for song. "Curse the girl!" I find it hard to remember, while watching the fun-and-games (Sonia Williams is Maria), that I used to sit at least once or twice a year—and that not so long ago—through perfectly serious versions of the same Stirring Drama. I am inclined to think that the Arts method is the better. But it needs the judgment of a Clunes. . . . (See also pages 625-627).

PRESENT AND FUTURE

I HARDLY imagine anyone would have hit on *The Admirable Crichton* as the next choice for Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. It is some distance from Antony and Cleopatra to Barrie's Crichton and Lady Mary; but the fantastic comedy has real staying-power: I shall look forward to seeing it—now for the fifth or sixth time—with so masterful a pair of leads, and to hearing Sir Laurence Olivier's Crichton in that snatch from Henley:

Or ever the knightly years were gone
With the old world to the grave,
I was a King in Babylon,
And you were a Christian slave.

The play will open at the St. James's Theatre at the end of May, for a limited season of sixteen weeks. Later Sir Laurence hopes to present the company of the Comédie Française. *Sweet Peril*, now in King Street, will be transferred to another theatre.

ELIOT FOR EDINBURGH

Thoughts go already to the Edinburgh Festival of 1953. T. S. Eliot's new modern comedy in verse will be the dramatic centre-piece this year. It is set in the West End of London; it has a cast of seven characters, and it is called *The Confidential Clerk*. E. Martin Browne, who knows more about the Eliot plays than anyone in the theatre, will produce.

NEW SHEREK PRODUCTION

John Mills and Cathleen Nesbitt are to act in Mary Hayley Bell's *The Uninvited Guest*. It begins at Southsea on February 16 and reaches London during April. Mary Hayley Bell wrote two previous plays for her husband, *Men in Shadow* and *Duet for Two Hands*.

GETTING AROUND

Googie Withers has followed Peggy Ashcroft (who will go into the Stratford company) in *The Deep Blue Sea* at the Duchess. . . . Eric Portman and Dorothy Tutin will appear in London, during March, in Graham Greene's *The Living Room*. . . . *Henry the Eighth* will be the Coronation play at the Old Vic, beginning on May 6 in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

A NEW GIELGUD SEASON

The unhappy couple, Richard II. (Paul Scofield) and the Queen (Joy Parker), at his feet, exchange the last words they will ever speak to each other. She has waited for him in a street leading to the Tower ; his guards turn their backs on this parting scene before his banishment to Pomfret and hers to France. On the right is the Earl of Northumberland (Brewster Mason) ; the Queen's attendant Lady is played by Jennifer Wright. *Richard II.*, which opened last week, is the first of three new Gielgud productions at the Lyric, Hammersmith. Gielgud will appear himself in the next, Congreve's *The Way of the World*, which is to be followed by Thomas Otway's *Venice Preserved*.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Seven-months-old PAUL GILL : For so cheerfully proving himself a worthy son of the Fleet Air Arm.

Aboard the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Theseus,* which had just docked at Portsmouth, E. M. A. Gill showed his jubilation at being reunited with his family by launching his small son into the air. Young Paul seemed to take a philosophical outlook on the whole thing.

BEPPO : For riding from Stafford to London on a brass bedstead.

Beppo, the clown from Bertram Mills Circus, recently rode this monstrous-looking bicycle, made from an old brass bedstead—with no brass knobs on!—the 170 miles from Stafford to Olympia, where he is now performing. Here a London policeman checks the roadworthiness of his machine.

***SUSAN* and *COMPO* : For having a whale of a time at their Christmas Party . . . and . . . *MAURICE* : For not being such an ass as his breed would suggest.**

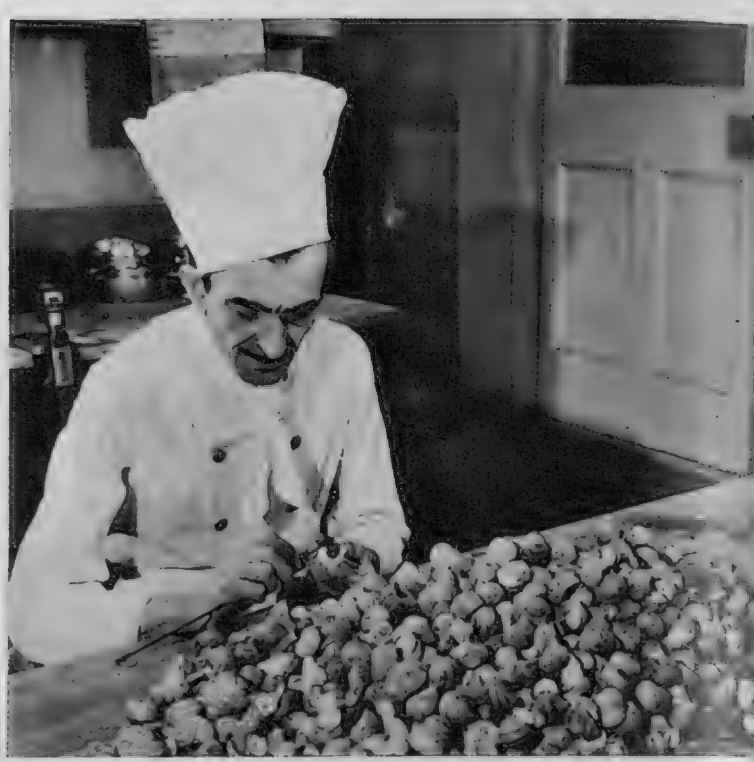
At the London Zoo, gay chimps *Susan* and *Compo* had a splendid Christmas party, combined with a farewell celebration before their departure for Canada. Only trouble was the litter of streamers and cake crumbs left afterwards, but kind *Maurice,* who lives at the same address, came along with his broom and—as a parting gesture ?—acted as honorary char.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

RE-TURNED AGAIN

Dick Whittington, the City of London's own pantomime, opened at the London Palladium on Tuesday, December 23, with Vanessa Lee (*above*) as the finely traditional Dick. This is Val Parnell's fifth London Palladium pantomime and Miss Lee's first West End appearance as a principal boy, although she has been playing these parts in the provinces since 1943. She is not, of course, new to the West End, as she became a star in *King's Rhapsody* in 1949, playing the part of Princess Christiane, specially written for her by Ivor Novello in South Africa while they were touring there together in *The Dancing Years* in 1947.

The *patron* of *L'Escargot Bienvenu* and his family at lunch. *L. to r.*, M. Alexandre Gaudin, his wife, M. Georges ("Papa") Gaudin, wearing his decoration for services to French civilisation, and his daughter, Mlle. Gaudin.



J. Rossetto, *chef de cuisine*, judges the quality of the *escargots* which are hibernating. When they waken, the season is over and enthusiasts will have to be content with tinned *escargots*.

FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE
by Lucullus

J. Rossetto (*centre*) puts the finishing touches to dishes in the kitchen as lunch-time approaches.

VII. RESTAURANT L'ESCARGOT BIENVENU

ANY dish which differs a little from the ordinary seldom fails to interest and intrigue—though not always to the point of inducing one to sample it. All good dishes are by no means confined to the range of *haute cuisine*. Considerable gastronomical delight is to be derived from relatively simple dishes of the countryside—especially if that country be France. These are usually found at their best in those small restaurants run by the *patron* and his family, where they specialise in *cuisine bourgeoise* or, in plain English, good, homely French cooking.

But though they abound in France, where are such places to be found in London? Alas! they are few and far between.

One such house, however, and the most famous of them all, is the *Restaurant L'Escargot Bienvenu*, at 48, Greek Street, W.1, in the very heart of London's Soho. It is run by M. Georges Gaudin, a Frenchman, and his son and partner Alexandre, and other members of his family, and is established in a graceful and unspoilt house of the late sixteenth century, built for a former Duke of Portland, in the days when Soho still competed with Mayfair as a fashionable and aristocratic quarter of the town.

Now M. Gaudin is no ordinary *restaurateur*: he is the man who taught the gastronomically conservative British the pleasures of eating snails, and of savouring the delicate, chicken-like flesh from the thigh of the frog. Twelve months ago, at eighty-two years of age, he received one of his country's highest decorations for his services to French civilisation.

Let us now consider the succulent *escargot*, a prime favourite in all branches of French cooking, and with men of palate the world over, though to those who know it not, it is often regarded with suspicion amounting to distrust. The truth is, of course, that the edible snail or *escargot* differs very considerably in breed and habits from his humble—and distant—relative of the domestic garden. To begin with, he is a finicky vegetarian of high caste, pampered from birth, born with a green leaf in his mouth, so to speak, whose almost exclusive diet is the leaf of the grapevine. These used to be grown for his especial benefit on "snail farms" which once dotted the sun-kissed wine country of Burgundy. Because of the increasing use of copper sulphate in these vineyards, however, most of the "snail farms" are now located in Alsace, though the actual breed of *escargot* produced there is the same.

The season is from November to March, and during this time, Gaudin imports them alive from France. They arrive while hibernating and are kept on shelves until required. Before appearing sizzling hot for the delectation of the *gourmet*, however, they are plunged into scalding salt water, taken from their shells and, after further cleansing, cooked in stock and white wine, replaced in shells—not necessarily their own—and sealed with a special butter of garlic, shallots, parsley and other herbs.

When I sampled some at the *Restaurant L'Escargot* I drank with them an excellent *Meursault* '47, but I consider they go equally well with some of those wines of the Loire, such as still *Saumur* or *Vouvray*, though this is somewhat dependent on the seasoning. For that matter, I also find the lighter Burgundies to be most acceptable.

The *cuisine bourgeoise* at this famous house is represented by a choice of homely French "farm" dishes such as are nowhere else to be found in London under one roof. Among the *potages*, for example, are *Fermière*, *Paysanne* and *Santé*, names redolent indeed of the French countryside. These are still difficult days for the *restaurateur*; but as supplies return to normal, you will increasingly find among old favourites making their reappearance on the menu dishes such as *Jambon Fumé de Ardennes*, *Matelot d'Anguille*, *Blanquette de Veau*, *Tripes à la mode de Caen* and rich black *boudins*. Then two specialities of the house you may usually be sure of in season—which is now—are *Râble de Lièvre*, saddle of hare served with a *purée* of roast chestnuts, and *Venison Steak Provençale*, which comes to you with a rich sauce based on mushrooms and tomatoes.

If it is that "wonderful little place round the corner" you are looking for but so seldom find, where the food is first class of its kind and the wine is sound and pleasing, you have reached at last your journey's end.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

To be comfortable, but to remain attractive-looking, is a problem for the young girl that appears to be answered by these two outfits. (*Left*) Tartan fitted slacks (7 gns.) and waistcoat (4 gns.) worn over a silk blouse (79s. 6d.), with (*right*) a loose, warm camel-and-wool middy jacket (12½ gns.) over a plaid finely-pleated skirt (8½ gns.). All are from Jaeger, Regent Street.

THE YOUNG IDEA

IN this country, unlike America, we still expect our teen-age girls to emerge overnight from their lumpy schoolgirl dresses as well-groomed and beautiful debutantes—this with very little help in the way of beauty or fashion training. Buyers in many leading stores tell me that many mothers choose what their teen-age daughters shall wear, with small consideration for those daughters' own opinions.

The dress manufacturers of this country, too, have neglected the teen-ager, by supplying unimaginative and dreary clothes for an age when a girl is developing the dress-sense which will be with her all her life.

Fortunately, through the influence of Young America, there is a strong move on foot—which needs strong backing from parents—to provide attractive and suitable clothes for girls who are on the verge of growing up. They are at an age which should have a charm and fashion feeling of its own, and their dress interest should be encouraged and not neglected.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

THE YOUNG IDEA

Left :
Jersey, in the fashion news, seems also to be an answer to a young girl's demands for comfort and smartness. This little patterned shirt-dress in wool jersey in gay colours is from the Teen-age Department, Dickins and Jones, price £4 16s. 9d.

Right :
A long evening dress which is young enough to please mother, but grown-up enough to please the wearer. In net and lace, in white and a number of pastel shades, it has a full skirt, boat-shaped neck and a fitted bodice. Price 13 gns. from the Teenage Department, Harrods.

Right :
For special occasions, parties or the theatre, this charmingly simple little dress in platinum blue Liberty velvet is young in line but sophisticated in style. It has a full skirt, low, rounded and scalloped neck and the fashionable sleeveless look. In many other shades, made to measure in Liberty's own workrooms, price 11½ gns.

The "Jig-Saw" tables and the gaily patterned rug shown in all these pictures come from Liberty's Contemporary Furniture Department.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Keith Ewart.

OUR FASHIO

Beauty fo

The Young Skin. Interest in her face and figure should be encouraged in every young girl, and if she is allowed from an early age to use simple preparations, designed for the young skin, she will never want to appear with the over-made-up, plastered face that often suddenly emerges from the school-room.

Yardleys have concentrated on the young skin, and their range of beauty preparations is inexpensive and of good value. It is a good idea for a Beauty Consultant to direct which preparations should be used for the particular skin, and also the colours of foundation, powder and lipstick, which, of course, will only appear on special occasions at first. Advice can always be obtained by teen-agers from the Yardley Salon, 33, Old Bond Street, by writing or in person.

A problem that often appears in adolescent years is Acne, which can have lasting effects unless handled with care. Charles of the Ritz have produced a Medicated Cream which is

THE YOUNG IDEA

The ideal suit for a teen-ager in the fashionable Donegal tweed. It has a boxy jacket and slim skirt (£7 17s. 6d.) and is worn over a thick white piqué blouse (£2 5s.). The woolly cap costs 15s. All come from Harrods' Teenage Department.

ORTFOLIO (continued)

[T]he Young

efficacious. It should be left on overnight, after the skin has been cleansed with Medicated Soap and water. Charles of the Ritz also produce a Medicated Lotion to be used as a powder foundation during the day.

Care of the Hair. This should also be encouraged early in the teens, with easy styles which can be maintained even at boarding-school. French of London has started a Salon at 9, Little Portland Street, specifically for the younger generation, as its name, " Young London," implies. The whole atmosphere of the place is young and gay, and so are the hair-styles that evolve.

Figure Care. Special care should be taken in choosing foundation garments for the young figure, for although her body is supple and her muscles trim, the teen-ager is energetic and the muscles tire. She needs a well-fitting, light-weight brassiere and belt or girdle. If these are well-chosen and fitted when she is young, she will keep her youthful figure all her life.

ELEGANT ECONOMY

A simple but attractive little dress for many daytime occasions, in finely-checked brown-and-white soft wool. It has a crisp, white piqué " dickey " which is detachable for washing. Only £4 from the Teenage Department, Dickins and Jones.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Seven Deadly Sins

(*Cameo-Polytechnic*)

ANOTHER omnibus film—and this time the vehicle is French. Or, to be precise, it is Franco-Italian, for two of its episodes are directed by Italians, with Italian players; their voices are dubbed into French, and the whole thing is sub-titled in English. The six stories—for Anger and Avarice are lumped together—are loosely connected by a fairground setting, in which Gerard Philippe, as the barker at an Aunt Sally stall, invited patrons to walk up and take a shy at images of his or her pet vice.

Without being completely successful, *The Seven Deadly Sins* provides two hours and twenty minutes of furiously varied entertainment, with a number of subtleties of conception, and some really first-class acting. By far the best episode concerns Pride—"the sin of the rich, the virtue of the poor"—and is directed by Claude Autant-Lara, with Françoise Rosay and Michele Morgan as an aristocratic mother and daughter, who retain through all the humiliations and indignities of poverty the chill *hauteur* of their society days. Uninvited, and with the intention of snubbing the hosts who have so pointedly ignored her, the daughter goes to a dance given by some *nouveau riche* acquaintances. A valuable necklace is lost, and the guests are searched; all but Mlle. Morgan, who sweeps out of the house, her pride unbroken, flinging down behind her a handbag which contains, not the missing jewels, but the morsels of food she has taken from the buffet, to sustain herself and her mother in their genteel want.

"Lust," directed by Yves Allegret, is an ugly-clever piece of work about a small girl in a provincial town, who deliberately sits in the lodger's armchair while it is still warm, believing it will make her pregnant; and about her mother (Viviane Romance), a handsome slut who knows much better and behaves far worse. "Gluttony," directed by Carlo Rim, is neat enough, but little more than an anecdote about a benighted traveller who ungraciously prefers his host's cheese to his host's wife. "Laziness," directed by Jean Dreville, has a pleasant performance from Noël-Noël as St. Peter, in a lighthearted fantasy in which the Celestial Powers come to the conclusion that everyone on earth is far too busy, and misguidedly send Sloth down to redress the balance.

"Avarice"—to my taste the weakest of the bunch—is an Italian contribution by Eduardo de Filippo, offering the too-familiar burlesque of the bad-rich man unredeemed by any real sympathy for the poor. The other Italian episode, "Envy," has been directed by Rosselini from Colette's subtle story, "The Cat." There is a touch of genius here, both in the writing and the treatment, but I could not avoid the feeling that Rosselini's study of a young wife jealous of her husband's pet, his work, and his friendships, is thrown a little off-balance by the unsympathetic presentation of the husband, a man whom the director appears to think of highly; a modernist painter who slops about his studio half-dressed, fawns on his cat, and laughs at his wife's birthday because that sort of sentiment, so he says, belongs to an outmoded bourgeois order. The wife is undoubtedly wrong in pushing the cat out of the window: to my mind she might have done better to have pushed out the painter.

It is hard to put one's finger on the precise fault that makes *The Seven Deadly Sins* fail to impress itself on the memory as a really great film. Lack of heart, maybe: one doesn't deeply care for the fate of any of its characters. Lack of purpose? Infirmity of attitude? Perhaps that 's it; neither a sense of any *real* outrage against cardinal sin (pride, for instance, is recognised as half a virtue, and gluttony and sloth are both presented as alternatives to even worse crimes), nor the calculated a-morality of cynicism (lust, for example, is not feather-light here as it was in *La Ronde*). Whatever the weakness may be, the result is a film that won't, as a whole, I fancy, stay in our minds for long. We shall remember this about it, and forget that: calculatedly foraging for titbits amongst the mixed fare of a generous and variably seasoned entertainment.

Ulanova, the Russian prima ballerina, dancing in Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet" in *Gala Festival*, reviewed on this page.

Gala Festival

(*Berkeley*)

A SIMPLE title for a film essentially simple in project, superbly exciting in execution. This Russian picture, in "Sovietcolor," makes no pretence at a plot; the most it sets out to do in the way of storytelling is to show "how the ordinary people of Russia delight in the Arts, and how new recruits for the great ballet and opera companies are found among young farm-workers and students, and trained at the Conservatoires."

The substance of *Gala Festival* is the recapture, by film and microphone, of the thrill of great performances of opera and ballet at the Bolshoi Theatre, in Moscow, and the Tchaikovsky Conservatoire. We are treated to the rich experiences of a couple of excerpts from each: Borodin's "Prince Igor" and Glinka's "Ivan Susanin," followed by Tchaikovsky's "Swan Lake" and Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." The performers are the cream of the cream; even the London *balletomanes* don't see an Ulanova every day.

The film is directed by a woman, Vera Stroyeva, who wallops through her connecting material in a way that may turn our arty boys quite green with horror. As a cinema creation in its own right, a piece of deliberate screencraft, *Gala Festival* will certainly not make history. But as a record of kindred arts, a transmitter of vital impulses, of disciplined strength and enthusiasm, it seems to me magnificent and formidable. Disjointed it may be, and in its narrative technique as dead as the dodo, but nobody can dispute that it gives us the gala festival promised by the title, and is never for one moment dull.

Jack and the Beanstalk

(*Warner*)

PANTOMIME is a form of entertainment not understood by the Americans, who have never fallen into our annual habit of practising it; and one would say they have rather gone out on a limb in sending us a film version of *Jack and the Beanstalk*, with Abbott and Costello, just as we're becoming involved in the Christmas pantomime season.

With a considerable amount of surprise—for to me the thought of Abbott and Costello is always a mite depressing, the thought of Abbott and Costello in colour rather more so, and the thought of Abbott and Costello in colour performing a traditional English ceremony verging on the horrific—I admit that they 'll probably get away with this one, and deserve to. The film may not come up to tip-top English pantomime standard, but it plays the game according to the rules. The story proceeds on strictly canonical lines; cow, beans, hen with the golden eggs, beautiful princess, giant, giant's wife and all, more or less directly to the chopping-down of the beanstalk.

The incidentals are reduced to a minimum. The sets and songs are of the simplest. If Abbott and Costello seem sometimes unequal to the unfamiliar task (it 's hard for Costello, for instance, to fit himself into the sort of part reserved by custom for the principal boy), they do at least perform with the simplicity of pantomime clowns, and follow the lines of tradition, faint but pursuing.

Where the film chiefly fails is in its inability to tune up to the pitch of Walt Disney's cartoon *Jack and the Beanstalk*, made some years ago. Disney's giant was more terrifying, his scenes more attractive, his tunes more hummable, and his comedy more ingenious. But then he made no attempt to sustain his fantasy for more than sixty minutes. If Abbott and Costello's *Jack and the Beanstalk* is not quite what it should have been, it isn't half what it might have been, either. That is something to be grateful for. There 'll be far worse pantomimes perpetrated up and down this country by the time these notes appear in print.

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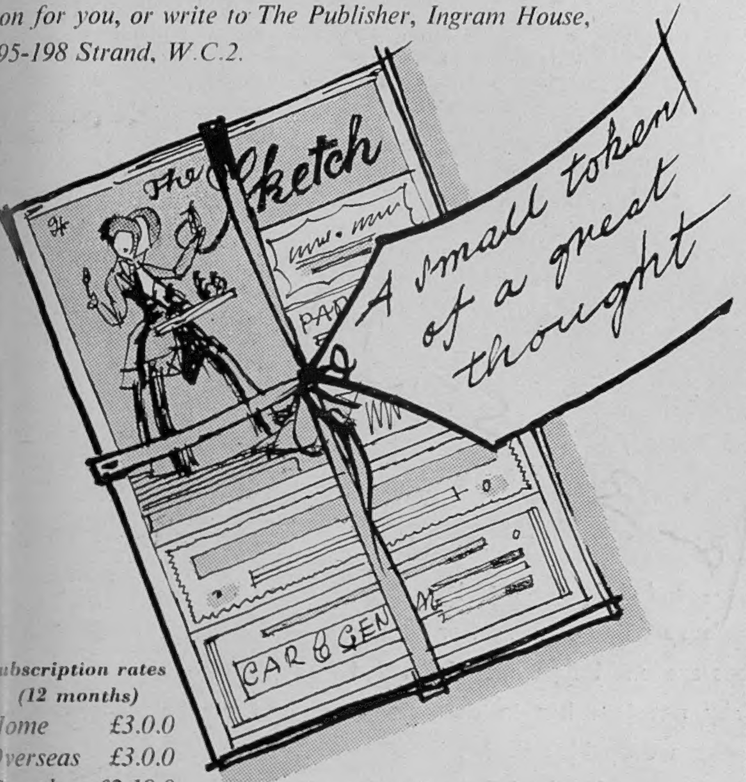

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